

THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING
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TATA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

PART FIRST.

I. TATA.

In 1832 Tata was five years old.

A number of little girls were playing with their dolls in the comfortable middle-class parlor of her father's house. Her father's name was Bonnaud—"the rich Bonnaud," as he was called by the poor. He took contracts for house-painting and had his office in Toulon—a prosperous business man whose charities gave him the reputation of being a millionaire.

The parlor of "the rich Bonnaud," where Tata was playing, was a large room with a red-tiled floor. The furniture was in the style of the day, angular that is to say, with brass trimmings. The heavy arm-chairs might have been intended for Roman magistrates. They were ornamented here with an eagle, there with a laurel crown and again with little trophies of arms where the sabres had the grand air of glaives. The hangings were of the same velvet as that which covered the sofa and all the chairs big and little, and they started from the ceiling—a very lofty ceiling—whence

they fell in straight, stiff folds in a truly sumptuous fashion.

The clock upon the mantelpiece had a monumental self-importance, in which it was quite justified. It was immense, with a formidable bell-glass, which was itself protected by a piece of stiff, transparent gauze, that shut it off like a room in a museum. It represented Napoleon at the Pyramids,—merely that! Under the bell-glass was to be seen the Great Pyramid, with two others, all beautifully gilded, the most remote made very small out of deference to the laws of perspective. In the midst of the front triangle of the Great Pyramid was the clock-face, a solemn spectacle. The two hands were halberds of intricate design. The Sphinx, crouching, kept watch of the hour. On the desert land, in black bronze, some microscopic soldiers on foot and on horseback, symbolized the army of Egypt. In the midst of this army—*cupressus inter calamis*—towered the Little Corporal, perched far aloft on a gigantic dromedary, his finger pointing toward the clock-face. And at the base of this famous monument were to be read in shining polished letters relieved against a background of dull,

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beaten gold, those famous words:—"From the summit of these pyramids" etc., etc. And most wonderful of all, there the centuries were, on the peak of the Great Pyramid, contemplating the "*grande armée*." They were personified, not without ingenuity, by Time himself with his symbolical emaciation, and his beard streaming like the Nile. The old gentleman was negligently leaning upon the blade of his scythe, as it had been the railing of a balcony.

He who is Eternity must needs comprise all the centuries: wherefore, in his person, some forty of them may well have contemplated the army of Napoleon.

Such was the Bonnaud's clock, the most precious ornament of their parlor, though this also contained, hanging on the largest wall-space, a big and rather poor copy of Raphael's *St. Cecilia*, for which Bonnaud, himself a musician at heart, entertained a profound veneration. Such a parlor as this was rarely opened. It was one of the finest in all Toulon:—a city of artisans, naval-officers and workmen employed in the arsenal. It was the holy of holies in the house of the rich M. Bonnaud.

Why held so sacred, it would have been difficult to tell. Friends and people who came on business were shown into the dining-room—the living-room, as it was called—always cheerful and warm. An unused parlor is a much more superfluous luxury than one where you entertain. In the eyes of "good Mme. Bonnaud," whose would-be economies always came to naught, thanks to the prodigal benevolence of her husband, the very uselessness of the parlor was its glory and its justification. It was the unspoiled room. It was one of Mme. Bonnaud's possessions, like the new linen stowed away in her presses. What did she do with six dozen sheets? Why, bless

you, she counted them! And sometimes she did this in the presence of her most intimate friends. She had a great deal too much linen. It was an innocent weakness and the thing about her which excited most envy.

The parlor shutters were never opened. Eternal night reigned there as in the depths of a virgin forest. Why, look you, the sun might have faded the glory of the Utrecht velvet and dimmed the glories of Cheops' pyramid! She never realized that a chronic dampness would be far more fatal to the velvet, the wood-work and the mechanism of the pompous clock. Now and again Bonnaud used to protest; but in vain did he point out the disquieting spots of mold upon the margin of the old engravings, or say with a serious air every time he caught a cold: "You must have opened the parlor door a minute."

His protestations and his railery alike proved futile. The parlor remained the parlor, a proud and mysterious region, the centre of vague hopes, a spot which suggested future magnificence and filled the mind with the thought of possible festivities, of marriages and baptisms, and in short all the uncertain pleasures of the days to be. The result was that this unfamiliar room was, to the children of the house and to their little companions the desire of the eyes, an unknown paradise. To go into the parlor was the dream of their lives.

"Mama! If I'm a good girl will you show me the parlor? Say!"

Little Adèle had been very good, and she had obtained permission to play with her little friends a whole hour in the parlor, under their mothers' eyes. These were the days of the dog-star, and it was delightfully cool there,—as it is also in a tomb.

The clock was too imposing to attract the attention of the children; what fascinated them was the general

aspect of the mysterious room, and its dim corners, where one might hide in a terror made delightful by the protecting glance of one's mother. The children never found anything in the room, not even a grain of dust, for it was "turned out" every Saturday and all its moist and shadowy corners carefully swept and wiped with a wet cloth; but to the children an atmosphere of fairy-land hung about the place and in it their dolls seemed endowed with supernatural life.

That day there were in the parlor three little girls at play. "Listen," said Rosinette to Clémence and Adèle. "Listen! we are going to play that we are Tom Thumb's parents, and we are going to lose all our children in that forest over there."

Her chubby six-year-old finger pointed to the darkest angle of the parlor, where the folds of a heavy portière met the folds of an equally heavy window-curtain.

"But," said Adèle, "I don't want to lose our dolls."

"That's all right. We shall get them again. Tom Thumb always turns up."

"I don't want to lose my doll either," said Rosinette. "And it isn't a doll, anyway. It's one of our own little boys. You are its father, Adèle, and I am its mother."

"Oh!" said Adèle gravely, "I have never had any children. I am their aunty and I don't want them to be lost."

All the future of Adèle, all the romance of her long life lay in her phrase.

The others began to question her.

"Don't you want to be the mother, then?"

"I should have liked it, but how can I when Rosine is their mother? Children have only one mother. Tom Thumb had only one. I will be his aunty."

The childish babble went on for a

long time. But Adèle persistently clung to her role, and since Tom Thumb was but a wooden doll, who could not himself strew his path with the necessary bread-crumbs, it was his "Tata" who went behind him gravely and assiduously depositing upon the floor minute fragments of the biscuit which had been given her, for luncheon, whence the cat immediately picked them up, one by one.

The incident is symbolical. Adèle was not pretty. Her bulging forehead was too high, her nose rather thick and short and a trifle *rétrossé*. But her mouth was adorable, and her hair, of an uncertain tint, inclining to chestnut, was magnificently abundant. Her eyes were also undefined in hue, and their light was like that of water with a fire burning in its depths. People used tactlessly to say in her hearing: "She will grow up plain."

II. THE HEIR.

She had a brother, Pierre, the eldest, the heir.

Her brother was four years older than she. At nine he was treated like a man, and almost like a man of influence. He was learning to play the violin. He had a little fiddle of which the wooden case was too red and too new; but the mere sight of which filled his family and their neighbors with wonder. Somewhat more than a year before, however, there had been bought for him a full-sized violin, an excellent instrument from whose strings an old musician of considerable local repute had been wont to draw harmony, glory and profit. When the old man died his violin, which was said to be a genuine Stradivarius, found its way to the auction-room. Certain amateurs of the city had dreamed of becoming the possessors of the instrument, but Bonnaud ran the bidding up too high. One tradesman

alone had kept pace with him for a while, out of sheer love of the sport, and then, taking fright, had dropped out. The affair excited surprise and comment, for no one had known that Bonnaud was a musician; but when they questioned him he replied, "It is for Bonnaud: Bonnaud junior."

"Your son? Why he's barely eight. Does he know his notes?"

"He took the first prize for vocal music this year, at school. His masters consider him remarkably clever. The child tells me that he wishes to be a composer: he remembers every tune he hears."

"But surely you are not going to put into the hands of a child an instrument that would make his masters envious!"

"He will have it later, when he has learned to play."

It was true that the child had a real aptitude for music, but Bonnaud the elder had allowed himself to be carried away by his fatherly enthusiasm. His desires were swifter than the hippocriff, and outstripped the flight of time. In imagination he beheld certainty in the most uncertain of all futures, and foresaw a splendid career for his son and heir. He had decided that Bonnaud should be a *mäestro*, a composer of renown, the peer of the greatest and most illustrious geniuses whom the world has known. The secret source of this enthusiasm lay in the love which the father had felt, in his own early youth, for the art of Lulli and Spontini. He had himself played the flute, though in private; his father having assured him that all artists were Bohemians and scamps and that he would never give his consent to a Bonnaud's becoming a "fluter," good or bad. He permitted him to paint—"because if worst comes to worst a man can make an honest living by painting blinds green"—but only idlers go in for music. Bonnaud had been obliged

to relinquish his greatest delight, but, rightly or wrongly the good man had always believed that he had been denied a vocation which would have made him illustrious: and he had sworn to give his son every facility for pursuing the "noble career."

"One pine-tree makes another" says the proverb; and Bonnaud used to say with emphasis: "My son shall be the great musician that I might have been."

Had one probed his thought to its depths one would have found there an element of mysticism. He believed firmly that each of us has a star and that God says to himself now and again: "Come, come! Here is a nation, or a century, which stands in need of a great man:—soldier, poet, painter, musician, or possibly mathematician." And then God with his own hands fashions the little creature who is to become great for the good of the human race.

God and France had been deprived of the genius of Gustave Bonnaud by the fault of his ignorant father. Gustave Bonnaud had resolved, as far as in him lay, to repair his progenitor's error, and this had been his main reason for desiring a son. No sooner was the boy born, than the secret mysticism of the father underwent a vast development. A son! How could the divine purpose have been revealed more clearly? I am persuaded that Bonnaud detected a subtle harmony in the diminutive creature's first audible wail, and exclaimed impulsively: "Does he not cry true?" His bosom-friend might well have smiled and thought Bonnaud a conceited lunatic. But why? When great men die, their own and their parents' superstitions, as noted by the biographer, are taken by the awe-struck public for so many signs of predestination. It is only final failure or glaring mediocrity of result that renders such pretensions absurd.

Would Bonnaud have been more interesting had he been one of those fathers who spoil their offspring idly, or weakly, or merely to please themselves? I think not. He had suffered through his own father: he resolved to treat his son with indulgence. Nothing could have been more honorable. But, in spite of his brusque ways, he was both generous and tender, and in this his son did not resemble him. The small Pierre Bonnaud was cold, careless of the pain of others; full of a simple, undisguised, uncalculating self-conceit. The petting that he received called forth no generous affection: but only made him importunate and at times even impertinent—a sour little egotist. But no one ever appeared to notice it.

III. ETIENNE THE BLACKSMITH.

The elder Bonnaud having often felt the hand of his father, Etienne the smith, heavy upon him, had sworn to himself that he would never give his boy so much as the lightest box on the ear; and he had kept his word.

How stern, how cruel even, did his own childhood and youth seem to him as he looked back upon them! Nevertheless one pleasant memory stood clearly out among the painful ones, and it was this. He was a lad of eighteen, earning his livelihood by painting the outsides of buildings; his father, the smith, who was a Jacobin and a great reader of Jean Jacques, having decreed that he must pass in his own person through all the grades of his craft, before the considerable business which he coveted could be purchased for him. Meanwhile the young man fell in love with a little dressmaker whom he made up his mind to marry and to whom he paid court quite publicly. The story came at last to Etienne Bonnaud's ears and he was sorely vexed.

"Gustave," said he, "I forbid you to love that girl."

"It's no use saying that, father. Love doesn't wait to be bidden."

"You owe me obedience in everything, you rascal!"

"Not in that! I'm going to make a stand at last."

The father had given his son but few proofs of tenderness beyond the anxious and often misplaced severity with which he watched over his work, his conduct and his future generally. At that time far more than at present, the lower-middle and artisan classes avoided all displays of affection. To have what is known in Provencal as a "kissing-mug" (*lou mouré bâlareou*) was a matter for ridicule. Even mothers, as a rule, only kissed their children when they were very small. They were of tougher fibre than we.

In those days men thought more of their work, which was loved for its own sake, and less of the results of their work. A noble tradition of diligence, a great desire for strict honesty, a passionate fondness for the best work in one's own line, a sensitive pride in doing the tasks of the hour in the most thorough manner possible—such were the workman's strongest and most cherished motives. The journeymen of France set up a rough but excellent standard for all artisans worthy of the name; even those who were members of no association, and bound by no rules. Those who were well-disposed to one another exchanged a warm grasp of the hand: those who were unfriendly made free with the fists. Affectionate in manner, never; but staunch and true. Such a man was Etienne Bonnaud, who had made his own fortune as a smith. He had never kissed his son; he knew nothing of the native tenderness of that young heart, the sensitive and rather timorous nature: and the boy was distinctly afraid of his father. They were fond

of each other, all the same, each in stubborn ignorance of the other's love.

So self-centred and self-isolated a being was Gustave on the day when he announced that he had "made a stand."

Hardly had the words passed his lips when the old craftsman leaped upon him, seized his throat with one hand and raised the other in the air. It was years since Gustave had received a blow. A thrust of the fist into his side, or a threatened kick which was easily dodged, these were habitual pleasantries on his father's part; but to the insult of a blow he had never been subjected since he became a man. Etienne himself, if questioned upon this point, would have said that precious things ought not to be wasted and that to give serious correction but seldom is the proper way to ensure its efficacy.

When the young man saw the large hand of the smith uplifted, his own honest blood boiled within him. Wrathfully his own hand went up, seized the one which threatened him, brought it down to the side of the sturdy, sixty-year-old frame, unclasped the left hand which was clutching at his throat, and brought that down also; then by a swift and unlooked-for manoeuvre, opened his young arms wide, encircled in their clasp the old man's whole body, and paralyzed through sheer amazement, his insolent and self-reliant strength.

The result was most astonishing. The old artisan, with his heavy fist, strong biceps and herculean stature stood motionless, his arms hanging at his sides, locked in the embrace of his young son. And such was the character of this over-bearing father, that his anger was at once mastered by pride and began to calm down. "He's got pluck, that boy! Well, so much the better. I've made a man!"

Impulses of paternal admiration

were rare with Etienne and of short duration; but this one, having been called forth by a feat of physical strength, was prolonged through several seconds. For a perceptible space the two men stood there closely interlocked. Still convinced that, were he to release his father, he would at once receive a knock-down blow, the son, in his hot indignation, held fast. Shorter than his father, and braced on wide-spread feet, the young man's head barely came up to the massive shoulder of the smith, who himself stood firmly. Both were panting like the forge-bellows, and during the old man's pause of consternation, each could hear the loud heart-beats in the breast of the well-beloved foe. A wave of unwonted warmth went over them both. The throb of anger knew itself for the throb of an infinite and hitherto unspoken tenderness. The wrestler's clasp and the lover's are alike, and the father and son, embracing for the first time, found it a novel and delightful experience. In ever increasing amazement the old man yielded to the strange charm of that animal caress which the very wolves know, while the young man, equally fascinated by the novelty of his sensations allowed the grip of wrath gradually to relax into a gentle hold, until his head drooped upon the powerful breast of the smith and he sobbed out, "Oh father, father!" Whereupon the smith disengaged himself from his boy's arms, grasped the youthful head in his huge hands, and began kissing, at random, upon eyes, nose and hair, as though he would have devoured it.

"Imp of Satan," he shouted. "You're a man, anyway! Well then, choose another girl; that's all I've got to say. She is not your sort and I know what I'm talking about. At your age a fellow loves every young girl, more or less. The point is to make a wise choice. You

trust me, or by the Powers!—Obey me or make believe that you will, if you don't want me to smash in your handsome head for you, you donkey!"

It was the first time that his father had kissed him or given him a word of compliment. "Your handsome head!" Why, that's the sort of thing that women say! that one's mother said. The joy it gave Gustave Bonnaud was something heavenly, and never to be forgotten. And this was why his own son, Pierre Bonnaud,

flattered, kissed, caressed upon all occasions, obeyed the dictates of his own sweet will, tyrannized over his father, mother and sister at home, and possessed both an ordinary violin and a Stradivarius before he could play a scale.

All this would inevitably have insured Tata's being sacrificed to her brother, even if she had not been one of those who sacrifice themselves voluntarily.

(To be continued.)

THE PLAYS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.*

Whatever may be said for contemporary literature much of it is sad; one cause of this characteristic is the commonplace one of fashion. Ibsen and the French realists between them have set the mode; a sort of new Byronism is the outcome. Nor could anything speak more strongly of the potency of this cause than the likeness which exists between the "Young Norse" and the "Young German" writers, both of which schools have grown out of Ibsen and an infusion of French literature. But neither Young Norway nor Young Germany is influenced more by Ibsen's power than by the French naturalists; so that as regards the Fatherland the familiar quotation about "Grecia capta" has been exemplified once more. The *Freie Bühne* of Berlin, like our Independent Theatre and our Stage Society, owes its existence to the French *Théâtre Libre*, and should offer sac-

fices to the genius of M. Antoine. And it is impossible to read either the novels or the plays which have sprung from the bosom of young Germany without noting their tribute to *Zolaismus*. On us the tradition of Emile Zola has descended somewhat mildly, chiefly in the shape of a tedious documentation and exactness to facts in which the dull wits delight.

*Emilium circa ludum faber imus et
ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere
capillos*

(which accords with one reading of the passage). But the true Zola "game," as Horace expresses it, is not this. It is a special attitude towards Fate and the gods and human nature, more particularly towards feminine human nature. This attitude the Young Norse and the Young German writers at the outset for the most part adopted likewise. It sat rather

* "Vor Sonnenaufrag": Soziales Drama (1889)—"Das Friedensfest": ein Familienkatastrophe (1890)—"Einsame Menschen": Drama (1891)—"College Crampton": Komödie (1892)—"Die Weber": Schauspiel (1892-3)—"Bahnwärter Thiel": "Der Apostel": Novellistische Studien (1893)—"Hanneles Himmelfahrt": eine Traumdichtung (1893)—"Florian Geyer" (1896)—

"Die versunkene Glocke": Marchendrama (1897)—"Schlick und Jan": Spiel zu Scherz und Schimpf (1900)—"Michael Kramer": Drama (1900)—"Der rote Hahn": Tragikomödie (1901)—"Der arme Heinrich": eine deutsche Saga (1902). By Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer.

awkwardly on the Teutonic character. On the crest of this wave of tendency in Germany comes the one man perhaps who will gain for it permanent consideration in literature, Gerhart Hauptmann. There is, of course, his contemporary Sudermann, who has been even more fortunate than his brother dramatist in winning the applause of the theatre. "Heimat" (which we know as "Magda") is probably, taking the suffrages of Europe as a whole, the best-known play on the boards. To Hauptmann, Sudermann stands in a relation not dissimilar to that which Björnson has held beside Ibsen. Naturally, in each case the antitype is inferior to the prototype. Sudermann, like Björnson, owns a very keen sensitiveness to currents of thought and feeling, quickness in seizing them, and, so to say, photographing them in art. Björnson has more than once anticipated in some production, good but inferior, one of Ibsen's masterpieces. On Sudermann—conspicuously in "Magda"—one may see blowing the same Ibsenish breeze which at first fanned Hauptmann's sails. But the younger of the two Germans has much more in him than has his colleague; he carries a heavier cargo, and the superiority of his talent will in the end surely be recognized.

Gerhart Hauptmann is scarcely past the forties; and was not over thirty-five when he had been acclaimed by the enthusiastic as Germany's greatest poet since Goethe. He has already found his Boswell, the excellent Herr Paul Schlenther, one quite of "the school," a diligent contributor to the "Neue Rundschau," who sagely writes: "The reader who passes from the 'socialist' drama 'Before Sunrise' ('Vor Sonnenaufgang') to this 'Family-Catastrophe' ('Einsame Menschen'—'Lonely Lives') has the sense of passing from field, farm, and garden, to the inside of a house."

Certainly it is as much as is good for any man to have found at thirty-five a complacent Boswell of this type. And if Hauptmann fails to satisfy the hopes he has raised, it will be chiefly because of the rather extravagant applause with which his greatest work "The Sunken Bell" has been received.

Of Hauptmann's life it is unnecessary to say much. He is a Silesian, the son of an innkeeper, and there are one or two points of curious similarity between his life and Shakespeare's. Both, sprung from the well-to-do middle class and enjoying sufficient means in the days of their schooling, saw their fathers grow poorer to the point of bankruptcy (for John Shakespeare was in effect a bankrupt) before they grew old enough to earn their own living; and each of the two, despite the warning which such experience might afford, contracted an early marriage. It was only after his marriage that Hauptmann made any stay in the capital, leaving, it would seem, his wife to the care of his parents—Shakespeare did precisely the same; and it was then that the German like the English poet came into contact with the intellectual life, especially with the dramatic surroundings which determined his walk in literature. But Hauptmann's marriage, it would seem, was not an imprudent one in any worldly sense; certainly no period of horse-holding fell to his lot; nor was he ever an actor himself. It appears to have been partly through the kindness of an uncle that he was freed from any thought of earning his bread by trade or handicraft; he always contemplated an artistic career. Only at first it was to sculpture that he turned. The winter of 1883-4 he passed in a studio in Rome. In 1885 he married. Then in 1889 he went to Berlin and made friends with "Young Germany" in the person of Arno Holz and others, and

in the same year produced the first work which the public knew, the play "Vor Sonnenaufgang" ("Before Sunrise").

Not the least remarkable feature of this piece is its technical accomplishment. There are one or two slightly awkward moments, visible hitches in the swing of the action. But on the whole the personages move across the scene with a precision and intention which are remarkable; for the characters are numerous, and the action of the piece is tolerably complicated. On the other hand there is not much "conviction" in "Before Sunrise," and at first blush it is conviction combined with technical inefficiency which one is disposed to look for in a first attempt. But then it may be urged there is not much conviction in "Titus Andronicus." The ground idea of Hauptmann's maiden play is excellent. In Silesia you have, or had, a race of peasant proprietors, no more cultivated nor fit for the possession of wealth than peasant proprietors in most countries, in Zola's "La Beaute" for example. But, by the fortunate discovery of coal under their free-holds, many had risen to be capitalists of a kind. Everybody who has travelled in Silesia knows how tall chimneys, shafts, and smoke alternate with the charming valleys and natural beauties of this country. One of those suddenly enriched families is that of the Krauses: it consists of the father, two daughters (Martha and Helene), and their stepmother. Into it has married Hoffmann, Martha's husband, a wide-awake engineer, who knows how to make the best of the property. And to the same place comes, to inquire into the labor question, Alfred Loth, the Socialist, who, as it happens, is an old college friend of Hoffmann.

The feebleness of the piece lies in the fact that the Krause household (all except Helene) have come straight

out of "La Terre." It would needless offend the sense of the reader were we even to suggest all the intrigues which are revealed in the short space of these five acts. They are enough to furnish matter for Zola's habitual three or four hundred pages. And they are dragged in, as it were, by the heels. They are not necessary to the plot of the play, which depends not on the immorality, but on the alcoholism of the Krauses. At best they serve only to show how miserable and utterly impossible was Helene's life. She had been educated at Herrnhut, and had only of late come home to find herself placed rather in the position of Imogen: her father utterly besotted, her stepmother without conduct, ready to marry Helene to a Cloten of a young peasant, Kahl by name, who is Frau Krause's nephew and lover at once. Of course, Helene falls in love with the high-minded Loth. But it belongs neither to his character nor to her upbringing that she should have given herself to him so readily and completely as she does. The great scene of the play is that wherein Loth is persuaded by Dr. Schmelpfennig (he is *the* doctor of modern fiction, almost the only one, the same who figures continually in Zola's pages, as in Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady," and in how many other novels formed on the "problem" pattern) that it is absolute madness to marry into a family so steeped in alcoholism as is this: Hoffmann's wife, Martha, is a confirmed drunkard. Loth therefore goes away, leaving a letter for Helene; and she, all hope departed, stabs herself, in the Greek fashion, off the stage. The final scene, the servant discovering the body and running screaming through the house, even if it does suggest melodrama, is yet natural and fine, and one cannot wonder that the play made a great impression in Berlin. Yet without doubt part of

its celebrity was gained by illegitimate means, through its unnecessary and exaggerated "naturalism."

The two plays of Hauptmann which followed "Before Sunrise," and touching which Herr Schlenther makes the interesting remark quoted above, are "Das Friedensfest" ("The Christmas Party," or "The Family Festival") and "Einsame Menschen" ("Lonely Lives").¹ The second shows the influence of Ibsen even more strongly than "Before Sunrise" betrays that of Zola. In fact, it is impossible to persuade oneself that Anna Mahr did not take the steamer "to town," as Ibsen's young women always do, before she came in to disturb the peace of the Vockerat family. One feels almost defrauded of a right when one realizes that Johannes and Anna cannot by the kindest of translators be made to talk of going up on "the great high mountains," as Ibsen's folk do (in English) when they are bent on absorbing philosophy and affronting the proprieties; and that we have nothing more like a fjord than the Muggelsee, near Berlin. But it is safe to affirm that the Vockerats live on the shores of the Muggelsee, just because Hauptmann's mind while writing "Einsame Menschen" was haunted by airs from the Christiana fjord. The plot of "Lonely Lives" is very simple, and delightfully "Norse." Johannes Vockerat, the son of pious parents, has married, when very young, Käthe, a wife who appears absolutely without fault, but is no companion for her husband. It is a natural touch that she is anxious herself to secure one Braun, a discontented ineffective artist, as an intimate of the household—not because she has any liking for Braun, but because she is incapable of enduring

a life with Johannes. Then the inevitable Hilda-Wrangle young woman (Anna Mahr) comes on the scene. At first she wins all hearts; in the end the old Vockerats and Käthe, the wife, see that she must be got rid of. It would have been a natural drama if Anna had been an episode only. When, after her departure, Johannes takes a boat and drowns himself ("in the fjord," so to say), the reader feels that the note has been forced—that the author has played to a taste which is not his own.

"The Christmas Party," or "The Family Festival," is a more real, more persuasive work than "Lonely Lives," and shows Hauptmann visibly on the way to find himself. In essentials we are still in the Ibsen region: that means that the drama which the characters of "Das Friedensfest" create or undergo is entirely one of feeling. It means, further, that the people who play in it are not "your even Christians," but abnormal creatures, the outcome of our age of universal doubt. Ibsen's characters are not unreal, though they are abnormal, and though they now and again touch the skirts of insanity. One can say the same of the personages in "Das Friedensfest." The Scholzes are a family in whom discontent is the ruling motive of life. The daughter Augusta is on the margin of sour old-maidhood; Robert, the eldest brother, is her male counterpart, an invertebrate cynic, hating his journalistic work, but without courage to try something new. Only Wilhelm is saved by an artistic gift, and still more by the good luck of getting engaged to Ida Buchner. The fixed discontent which is the portion of the children they have inherited from their father Dr. Scholz. It had been his fate to marry a stupid girl

¹ "The Coming of Peace" (London: Duckworth) is the title Mrs. Janet Achurch and Mr. C. E. Wheeler give to their excellent translation. Such a title is somewhat too fantastical.

² Well translated by Mary Morison (London: Heinemann).

twenty years his junior, and this had soured his existence; he had gone so far as to make a false charge of infidelity against his wife, and cynically to discuss the matter before his own groom; for which Wilhelm had struck his father, and banished himself from home. Old Scholz, too, had long left his household; he returns unexpectedly this very Christmas Eve—to die, as it turns out. And Wilhelm is brought by Ida Buchner to humble himself and ask pardon. Suddenly the father shows that he has a heart. On the conventional stage such scenes pass constantly, and make no impression. But here Hauptmann has handled his characters in a masterly fashion.

In the play which follows "Das Friedensfest" the author rises to the height of his power, at any rate in realistic prose drama. This play is the celebrated "Weavers" ("Die Weber"),⁸ which has been acted more than once in London. After "Heimat," "Die Weber" is the most celebrated German play. What adds to its interest is the fact that we here see Hauptmann escaping from direct French and Northern influences, and becoming more truly himself. From this time forward his art is full-grown. There is therefore no reason to consider closely its chronological sequence from this point. Rather we will attempt to group the plays in certain classes, and see how the genius of the author has expressed itself in various forms. In his earliest acted play we saw Hauptmann occupied with peasant life, but not in a very independent spirit; in "The Weavers," and in certain others that follow, he deals with the same theme in a fashion which is natural to himself. "The Weavers" is the story of the short-lived strike and revolt of half-

starved Silesian hand-loom weavers who like those in the Yorkshire and Lancashire dales forty years ago, like many who are still to be found in the villages around Rouen, strove vainly against fate and the advance of machinery. The whole sentiment and principle of this play is un-Ibsenish, for with Ibsen the individual is always in the foreground, and the society in which he lives is interesting only as an element—a forming element—generally hostile to his individuality. The "Pillars of Society" and "The Enemy of Society" (or "of the People") give the typical instances of Ibsen's view of "the general." In "The Weavers," on the contrary, no single person is conspicuous, though the religious old Hilfe is the most individual of his class. The household to which we are first introduced is meant to be typical merely. All the other figures, Baumert and his family, the soldier Moriz Jiger, the weaver in the upper story, Ansorge, and so forth, are separate and distinctive in their fashion; they play each one a necessary part in the drama. But no one is specially interesting for and by himself. The crowning scene of the drama, where the little child Mielchen describes with glee the shooting by the soldiers, where old Hilfe falls dead, an innocent victim, and his blind wife speaks to him and gets no answer, produce a culminating effect which is not far from being tremendous on the stage. It recalls the last scene in "Les Aveugles" of Maeterlinck. And yet from a purely literary standpoint it is questionable whether the effect is altogether rightly gained.

By a happy analogy, Hauptmann's "descent" into this terrible world of want and revenge has been compared with Aeneas's "descensus Averni" in search of Anchises. For the poet's grandfather was a Silesian weaver, and his father, Robert Hauptmann,

⁸ Transl. by Mary Morison (London: Heinemann).

had sat at the loom. No doubt the study awoke slumbering instincts, for since then our author has written several dramas of peasant life or the life of the people. Indeed, the first and most important division of Hauptmann's prose dramas includes all those which deal with the life of the people. "Before Sunrise" hardly belongs to that class, for although the drama passes in the home of a Silesian peasant, and most of the characters speak dialect, yet the three chief actors—Helene, Hoffmann, and Loth—belong by birth or education to the middle class. "The weavers" really inaugurates what we may call the *platt-deutsch* dramas, using the word *platt-deutsch* not in its true etymological significance, but, as it is often used in conversation, to denote any dialect of the common folk. That Hauptmann himself attaches great importance to the element of dialect, and does all in his power to preserve that realistic feature in the dramas to which it belongs, appears from many circumstances. For one thing, he has written "The Weavers" in a language so unintelligible to the average playgoer that it has of necessity been partially translated into a more audible and readable form; and he has done the same with "Hannele." In "Henschel the Jobmaster" ("Fuhrmann Henschel") again the author insists on introducing the Roman "a" into the midst of his usual Gothic type, to express a vowel-sound which is not known to educated German speech; just as, for instance, we should have to print a special "u" if we wanted to distinguish the Yorkshire pronunciation of that vowel (e.g. in "Hull"—u in "full"). In truth, for every reason, the series of lower-class dramas—folk-dramas we may call them—"The Wea-

vers," "The Beaver Goat" ("Der Biperpelz"), "Hannele," "Henschel the Jobmaster," and "The Red Cock," or "Blood-red Cock"⁴ ("Der rote Hahn") deserve a place to themselves.

The second of these five plays is a fair, but not a very original comedy. For, as has been noticed in criticisms, "The Beaver Coat" (a thieves' comedy) follows much the same lines as a well-known piece of Von Kleist's, "Der zerbrochene Krug." It introduces us to a sort of mixture between Justice Shallow and Dogberry, an Amtsvorsteher von Wehrhahn, whose business it is of course to get upon the wrong scent of the matter of the stolen coat. Comedy is not Hauptmann's natural bent; and nothing could be a better proof of the fact than the grimness which overtakes him when he writes some years later a sort of continuation of "The Beaver Coat," "The Red Cock," although even here there is some very tolerable fooling with Von Wehrhahn and others.

"Hannele,"⁵ in many of its distinctive features, stands apart from all the others of this group. The scene lies in a night refuge, whither the child Hannele has been brought by the schoolmaster and the gamekeeper; the doctor is sent for. Before Hannele is carried in we have a little scene among the casuals themselves, just such a one as Maxim Gorky might have given us. But then, as a fact, Zola might have done this special scene almost in the same way. That is to say it is deftly realistic—there is a young woman and an old one psalm-singing; a thieving old man and a young ne'er-do-well who runs after the girl. It makes an extraordinarily telling contrast to what is to follow. Neither these roughs, nor the middle-class or respectable class folk (Gothwald the

⁴ The blood-red cock was to crow over the world on the dawning of the "Twilight of the Gods," which was a symbolic way of saying

the world was to be burnt up. To-day "der rote Hahn" is a folk-name for fire.

⁵ Translated by Mr. Wm. Archer (London: Heinemann).

schoolmaster and Seidel the game-keeper, who bring in the half-drowned Hannele, the parish officers, or the doctor, Wachler) who group themselves by Hannele's bedside and stand in direct opposition to the casuals (in an objective sense), are the chief actors in the drama of "Hannele," but the supernatural beings called into existence by the child's imagination or her faith as she passes from life to death. The child herself and her story are inexpressibly pathetic; a being utterly forlorn and abandoned on this shoal of time. Her mother has died not long since, and she has been left to the care of a brutal stepfather, so that at last she goes to drown herself in the milpond. She has been rescued and brought here, but too late, as the doctor has to certify just as the curtain falls. In her moment of agony Hannele has a glorified vision of her schoolmaster and of angels, and then of her father and of Jesus Christ, "The Stranger," until the heavenly beings descend to carry her soul to heaven—her *Himmelfahrt*. On the human side all is extremely natural, utterly real; but on the supernatural side it is not so easy to pronounce a verdict. Criticism has at the least smiled at the golden green light with which by direction the stage is flooded when the supernatural beings appear. There is no harm in a golden green light in itself, only one is brought rather sharply face to face with the fact that this is a "piece" and not reality. The supernatural beings have nothing natural about them, which of course sounds like a truism, yet in a sense they are the personages of the drama. It is the moment of Hannele's passage from life to death, from earth to heaven, which is the subject of the play, not any event in her earthly life. And though there are bits which strongly remind one of Maeterlinck, it lacks the unity of his atmosphere.

Had it been a "mystery" of the mediæval type, and the angels and such-like quiet at home, the mortals appearing strangers, it had been more complete. Howbeit, though one cannot call the piece a success, and though one is at once led to contrast the impalpabilities of an age of unfaith with the homely conviction of "Everyman," one is glad that the thing should have been tried. It is a something added to the stock of literature.

The sense of the supernatural still lingers slightly about another folk-drama, "Henschel the Jobmaster." This piece comes, in time, half a dozen years after "Hannele," but it stands next to it in the order of folk-dramas. There is no more than a waft of supernaturalism here; and this comes in the first act and the last. In essentials the piece is a realistic drama, not so striking as "The Weavers," but with fuller characterization. The extraordinary precision with which each of a tolerably large list of personages is distinguished is alone sufficient proof that dialogue, when properly used, is all that is needed to give the essentials of character.

"Willem" Henschel is a jobmaster attached to the "Gray Swan," in a Silesian summer resort. The owner of his house is one Siebenhaar, a "Herr," but not in prosperous circumstances, for he has borrowed a thousand dollars of his tenant at the outset of the play, and at the end is bankrupt. Henschel seems to live in the basement and to share the court of the public-house opposite. There are various drivers and dealers, &c., young and old, in the same business as Henschel; some under him, some not. At the opening of the drama Frau Henschel is lying ill a-bed, dying, in fact, her six months child Gustia (Augusta) in the cradle by her side. Hanna Scholl is a girl who has been got in to

do the housework till the mother is up again. Naturally, nothing Hanna does is good in Mrs. Henschel's eyes; and Hanna has not a grain of soft-heartedness for the invalid. The double jealousy of the wife and the *hausfrau* are admirably suggested, and the woman's essential unselfishness, along with continual complaining. In the end nothing will satisfy her but that Henschel shall promise never to marry Hanna. This last scene of the first act is improved by the presence of the cool-headed "Mr." Siebenhaar. To both it comes to seem only the act of a woman unnerved and hysterical. Later in the play Siebenhaar says to Henschel—

Ah yes, yes. I do remember something of it [the promise]. Yes, it was almost on her deathbed. But to tell you frankly, I didn't take it as a serious promise at the time. Your wife was unnerved, altogether unnerved. It was a part of her illness. No, that doesn't seem to me the principal question. The real question is—Is Hanna altogether the woman for you?

Yet, as a fact, Frau Henschel the first had far better means than anyone else to see into the character of Frau Henschel the second, and "all those tears" of the drama came from Henschel's breaking his promise.

And yet the marriage with the housekeeper was almost inevitable, as in that rank of life second marriages are. Who, as the father asks, was to look after the little Gustla? "She does it well. Moreover, she has a head upon her shoulders. For reckoning I never saw the like of her." Henschel regards other matters with the philosophy of his class, just such a touch of nature as it would be impossible to give on the English boards. And the marriage takes place. Hanna has no hesitation in giving the *congē* to Franz, who is her child's father, so soon as she sees that Henschel, with

money put by, is a suitable husband. Then all goes from bad to worse. Between Act II and Act III there is an interval of six or seven years, during which Henschel's own child, Gustla, has died, and Hanna's child, Bertha, has lived with the woman's parents till Henschel fetches her to his house, a child of six. Hanna is disgusted: she has not the smallest natural affection for the bairn, and Henschel with the little Bertha in his arms takes to frequenting the "Gray Swan" opposite. Three acts are taken in developing this decay of happiness, showing the shrewish wife intriguing with various people, especially with a walter, George, a Saxon, who as such plays here a part such as a South Briton might play in a Scottish story. At the end Henschel believes that his wife is haunting him as a punishment for his broken promise; that she had called the little Gustla; for on her deathbed Frau Henschel the first had uttered the hope that the child might go with her to her grave. So the once solid Fuhrmann gets unhinged in his mind and commits suicide. "Don't you hear her now? She's gone to the wash-stand. You can hear the water splashing." It is eerie and terrible. At last comes the end, which is told in the way Hauptmann generally chooses. Siebenhaar comes out of Henschel's room as pale as death. There are a great many characters in this piece, and almost all are individual. Wermelskirch, late actor, now landlord of the "Gray Swan," is one of the best. Siebenhaar is good. The character of Henschel is remarkably given, through his rough dialect and scant vocabulary.

"Der rote Hahn," which, as has been said, is a continuation of "The Beaver Coat," calls itself a tragicomedy. The tragic part is natural to Hauptmann, the comic element a little forced. Of course in a land so full of

officialism as is Germany the Dogberry type is fair matter for satire: and the satire here is quite just of its kind. Besides Von Wehrhahn, who reappears from the earlier piece, we have a studied variant on Dogberry in Rauchhaupt the ex-gendarme. And the plot of the play is the scheme evolved by the precious Frau Wolff, who by a second marriage with the shoemaker, is now Frau Fielitz, to set their house on fire and pocket the insurance money. The scheme answers the better that Gustav Rauchhaupt, the imbecile only son of the gendarme, is found with a box of matches near the scene of the fire, and is finally shut up in an idiot asylum. Rauchhaupt had before been always complaining that he could not get the boy so provided for, and that he would be the death of him at home. (A rather feeble comic element is found in the introduction of Rauchhaupt's eight daughters, Mieze, Lotte, Trude, Lenchen, Lieschen, Mariechen, Tienchen, Hannchen, into one scene.) But when the boy is gone his father misses him. Moreover, he feels doubly injured in that his rival Schulze, the gendarme, brought the incendiarism home to Gustav. Stupid though he is, Rauchhaupt gets on the traces of the real culprits. Other people suspect the Fielitzes; but it is nobody's interest save Rauchhaupt's to accuse them. The master scene of the play comes when old Frau Fielitz, herself at death's door, talks Rauchhaupt round. But this final scene obtains its effect chiefly through its horror. Old Fielitz has gone out of his mind. Dr. Boxer, a sort of revived Siebenhaar, says to him: "Your pupils don't contract," an unnatural remark from a doctor to a patient, put in to show us that the man is really insane; and as Frau Fielitz dies, with the name of her first husband on her lips, this second husband is looking at himself in the glass

utterly indifferent, and Langheinrich, the blacksmith, who is always "fidel" (gay), is dancing on the roof outside the window. The three writers, indeed, with whom it is natural to compare Hauptmann as a drawer of folk life, are Zola (in "La Terre" or in "Germinal"), Thomas Hardy, and Maxim Gorky. The English and the Russian romancer have a good deal in common. Hardy's peasants, when they have nothing else, have always a touch of poetry in them, and a rude philosophy: occasionally (in his "Trumpet Major" say, or his "Woodlanders") he shows his "folk" capable of romantic devotion. For the most part, however, the interest of Mr. Hardy's character-drawing is not with the real folk character. He is in a sense the poet, the *Dichter*, of English country life, as no one else is; but his heroes and heroines are of the middle class, not of the peasantry. Sometimes the heroes and heroines have sprung from the folk ("The Hand of Ethelberta," "Jude the Obscure"). But their creator differentiates them sharply from kith and kind. The actual peasants come in almost exactly as the "chorus of old men" comes into so many a Greek tragedy.

Maxim Gorky is, on the contrary, wholly taken up with folk characters; educated, well-to-do people have no place in his thoughts or his imagination. And Gorky is in every way the writer most likely to be compared with Hauptmann, seeing that the difficulties and the advantages which belong to the play are not greatly different from those which invest the short story; the temptations of the writer of the one beset him of the other likewise. The closest comparison of all would, of course, be with the "Nachtasyl," a play of Gorky's which was acted with great success in Berlin and Vienna. Hauptmann, too, has had his "Nachtasyl" in "Hannele."

We need not, however, confine ourselves to any special instance of either writer, but look to the general tendency of each. Does Hauptmann in his idea of the common man lean most to the side of Zola or the side of Gorky? In "Before Sunrise" he was influenced by the former writer; but that was in his immaturity. In Henschel he has a character nearest the type which Gorky might have created—still nearer to the type which Mr. Hardy might have drawn. But there is certainly in Hauptmann's folk, taking them all in all—in the Tulpes, Peschkes, Hankes who appear for a moment in "Hannele," in The Walthers, Frantzes of "Fuhermann Henschel," Langheinrich of "Der rote Hahn"—little that partakes of the heroic nature of Gorky's folk, of such characters as Ilia or Paschka of "Les Trois," or old Erémie, as the Orloffs in "Les Déchus," as Tchelkacha or Serejka among "Les Vagabonds," while there is a good deal which suggests the squalor and depravity of Zola's peasantry and workmen.

Technically, again, Gorky has the advantage of Hauptmann, who has not escaped the greatest snare which besets the writer of plays or short stories. It will be noticed how seldom Gorky has recourse to death to heighten his effects. He is so little sensible of the need for the conventional catastrophe that in one tale he begins with the news of the hero's death and then goes back to recount the story of his life. Hauptmann almost always invokes the aid of the effective but conventional suicide or sudden death. Helene Krause stabs herself; Johannes Vockerat drowns himself. In the "Friedensfest" we are let off with the death of old Scholz, the father. Frau Wolff-Fielitz dies at the end of the trilogy which tells her story. Henschel dies. Florian Geyer, of whom we have not yet spoken, is put to

death; but then that is historical. Arnold Kramer drowns himself. And the master bellmaker dies (as, indeed, he should do) welcoming the dawn. In "College Crampton" alone we have an ending without any tragic event. This is from the point of view of the higher art a great defect though from that of dramatic popularity it may be a merit.

Many will, of course, say that "a curtain" is an absolute necessity for a play. One might cite as an instance to the contrary the piece of Gorky's to which reference has been made—"The Night Refuge." It is not—taken for all in all—a particularly favorable specimen of Gorky's work. But it has that supreme merit of simplicity—a sort of Homeric simplicity—which marks the workmanship of the Russian school, and of none other. There are three deaths, it is true, in this short piece; but then they are consistent with the *milieu*. And the way in which the principal characters slip from the stage, and, in the last act, have disappeared, is almost a revolution in play-writing.

One cannot, of course, make it a reproach to Hauptmann that he does not neglect the practical and popular side of his work, but on the contrary has it constantly in mind. The same might be said of Ibsen; and the same is constantly said (not with perfect truth) of Shakespeare. Shakespeare does, in fact, frequently sacrifice stage effectiveness to reality. Not the less is he always sensible of and submissive to the necessities under which his art exists. Obviously in many pieces—in "College Crampton," for instance—Gerhart Hauptmann has not set before himself any higher purpose than to furnish a reasonably pleasant acted piece. Many little touches, as of the windy scene in "Der rote Hahn," or the people looking out of window at Langheinrich in the same play, as in

"Michael Kramer" of the people talking in the inner room in Bänsch's restaurant when Michaline begins to recognize Arnold's voice, were intended to produce an effect upon the stage, and do so, though they are half lost on the reader.

Again, it may be said for the German writer that he is much more than a delineator of peasant life. The middle-class people in his earlier plays are hardly a success; certainly the Vockerts are not. "College Crampton," his first artist piece, is actable, but unconvincing, except in the person of the title-role. But the other and later artist-play, "Michael Kramer," is a very fine study, for which more space than lies at our disposal would be needed to do it justice. Hauptmann does not trouble himself about the mere trappings of novelty. A country town or some country corner of Silesia appears again and again as his scene. And both Harry Crampton and Michael Kramer are heads of an art school in a Silesian provincial town. Both are too good for their post. Harry Crampton revenges himself on fate by drinking, prattling of his consideration with the "Herzog Fritz August," and quarreling with his colleagues. Michael Kramer is the type of artist of which our pre-Raphaelite brotherhood gave us examples in the days when "The Germ" saw the light; he is severe as a Roman father and with immeasurably high ideals of art. A French playwright would have gained a cheap effect by making Kramer essentially a failure, and contrasting him with his talented but worthless son. Hauptmann does not do that. The conversation which Lachmann, an old pupil, now married, has with the daughter, Michaline Kramer, is a little ambiguous; one is not convinced that the *chef-d'œuvre inconnu* of old Kramer (a picture he will not sell and will scarcely show) is altogether a suc-

cess. But at least Lachmann has been immensely stimulated by it. The other side of the tableau is there: Arnold, an ugly, unkempt cub, who has always been treated with severity, or at least a severe justice, is, besides his moral inefficiency, an artist too, really talented, and, as Michaline says of him at the end, "ein Kind" to the last. He is supposed to be leading evil courses; he will not tell his father where he passes his time. In reality, he is nothing more than over head and ears in love with Liese Bänsch, the girl in charge of Bänsch's Restaurant. He is an ugly boy; and there are four grown men who frequent the *table d'hôte* at Bänsch's, one of whom, Quantmeyer, is Liese's official lover; the two give it out that they are engaged. It is the pleasure of these men to make game of Arnold Kramer; Quantmeyer excites his jealousy to the point of desperation. Liese had taken pity on him, and called on the father hoping that he would keep the boy away.

The only effect of that visit is that Kramer finds his son out in deliberate lying, and is more disgusted with him than heretofore. It is an admirable situation: the four well-grown Philistines and the young artist; and the scene in which Michaline hears the voices of the five: finally the quarrel which ends in Arnold's being driven in ignominy down the street; this too from the technical point of view is very well managed. This scene ends Act III. When the curtain rises on the fourth act Arnold's body has been found in the river, and is lying behind the curtain in Kramer's studio. Kramer is discovered not idle, but working on an etching.

"Look what father has been working at," Michaline says to Lachmann.

"Yes; a dead warrior in armor—" (He reads)

"Mit Erzen bin ich angelegt,
Der Tod war Knappe mir."

"*Michaline* (crying). I've never seen
my father shed a tear, and here look,
he has cried over his work.

Lachmann. *Michaline*, we mustn't give
way, must we?

Michaline. It is wet, quite wet, with
tears. Ah, good God! (*Mastering her-
self with difficulty*) He—he doesn't
give way, does he, *Lachmann*? But
what is it for him in reality? He's
ten years older.

Lachmann. Yes, but when a man is
made to open his heart to himself at
some fatal moment, I know what it is.
I've lost both my father and brother.
When the worst is over,
his ship sails more steadily . . . the
dead deep down . . .

Michaline. To get over it . . . That is
the worst of all.

Lachmann. I do not mean get over it

Michaline. Yes, Yes. It came as a
flash of lightning. I saw how it
would be in a flash. I *felt*—If we
come up with him it will be all right.
If we don't it will be all over. I
know Arnold. I felt that. It had
all come upon him at once—in such a
tangle. I saw how the whole thing
was. It was all so terrible for him.

Lachmann. We were close behind him.

Michaline. Too late. If he could have
known I was there. A word only:
if I could have spoken a word, only
a single word. That would have
probably altered everything. If
those men who were badgering him, if
they had caught him and brought
him back . . . I might have called
out 'Arnold, come with . . .' (*She
cannot go on*.)

And to the same *Lachmann*, his
former pupil, *Kramer* speaks as they
two light candles round the bier:

"When the Greatest comes into our
life, then all small things are banished.
It is little things that divide us, great
things that unite us; do you under-
stand? I mean that one should be so
made. Death is and will ever be the
Great Thing: Death and Love. Look!
(*Lachmann comes forward and looks at*

* I.e. declared the suicide, which Arnold's
death was.

the corpse) . . . I've been to see the Di-
rector. I told him the truth: why
shouldn't I? I have no wish for lies
just now. What do I care for appear-
ances, I should like to know? He was
against it . . . It's the women who hold
to that . . . The parson won't go to
the grave: and indeed he couldn't.
But, you know that's the same to me.
God is everything: the parson nothing.
.

"Those lights! Those lights! . . .
(*he gazes abstractedly at the dead and
the lighted tapers*.) I have burnt many
candles, seen many candle flames in
my life, *Lachmann*. But, but . . . That
is a different sort of thing . . . Do I
frighten you, *Lachmann*?"

"No, why should you frighten me?"

"There are people, though, who get
frightened. My opinion is one should
not be afraid of things in the world.
Love—it's a common saying—is strong
as death. But turn the saying round
and say as surely 'Death is as mild as
love.' . . ."

Ibsen has given us the example of a
man whose early years and full man-
hood were given to poetry, but who
threw it aside for the sake of a new
ideal, an ideal of realism and simple
truth to fact, whereby he descended
to the baldest prose. In Gerhart
Hauptmann we have the converse to
this picture. Like every young man
Hauptmann, of course, wrote verse
in his nonage; the faithful Herr
Schlenther has preserved some speci-
mens of this early verse which other-
wise had found oblivion. Verse was
not much the fashion of his set; it
was rather the note of the "young"
school in Berlin as in Christiana, to
despise such things. They would
rather hear their brach howl in *platt
deutsch*. With the single exception of
a few lines of verse with which "Hanne-
nle" ends, Hauptmann for his first
eight years of known authorship was
a prose dramatist of the realist school.
Then of a sudden (1897) he threw up
on the world like a bombshell his

"*Versunkene Glocke*," "The Sunken Bell."⁷

Few things in the history of literature of such high merit and originality have been received so well as this. Those who were already of the Hauptmann party were enthusiastic, and the anti-realists rejoiced over the author as over a sinner that repented. It was hailed as the finest German poem since Goethe's day; and some went further still and were not afraid to place it in a category near to "Faust." What speaks well for the moderation and sound sense of Hauptmann is that he has allowed the thing to stand apart; has not immediately flooded the world with inferior copies of this masterpiece. The experience is not unknown to us of a poet acclaimed by his admirers as the greatest dramatic poet of our time, making haste to seize his market and producing one play in blank verse after another till the public which shouted itself hoarse the second and the third time began to grow cool. Hauptmann did not, because of his success with "The Sunken Bell," give up his old realistic drama, nor prose drama of other kinds. "Fuhrmann Henschel," "Michael Kramer," and "Der rote Hahn" have all three followed the poetical drama. "The Sunken Bell" was immediately preceded by a play of which we have not yet spoken, an effort in a new direction, the historical piece "Florian Geyer," which, though, to speak the language of some of Hauptmann's folk-characters, it "machte Kaput" as a piece for the stage, and after its first breakdown has found no second "begetter," is well worth reading and would demand some notice here but that all too little space remains to speak of Hauptmann as a poet. In the six years which have passed since "The Sunken

Bell" he has produced two other pieces wholly or partly in verse, "Schlück und Jau" and "Der arme Heinrich," which came out last year. But neither of these can compare in interest with "Die versunkene Glocke."

The story of "The Sunken Bell" many readers probably know by this time. Heinrich, the bell-founder, has just completed his master-work, a bell, which is to be hung in a church new-built, not in the valley where men dwell, but up on the mountain. We know that—as a mediæval form of prayer puts it—wherever the sound of the bell could reach "all evil spirits of earth and air were driven forth, and the air was made pure and clean." So said the middle-age folk-belief. This master-work of Heinrich, then, is part of the war which Christianity is waging on ancient heathendom. Whether or not Hauptmann ever read that wonderful book of Michelet's, "La Sorcière," we cannot guess: he would find there just that idea of the war between old heathendom and new Christianity which is symbolized by the building of this church upon the mountains, the setting up of Meister Heinrich's bell within it. But modern belief does not recognize the all-might of Christianity. There are beings in the mountains who have their power too: the might of ancient Nature. A sort of Faun—the *Waldschrat*—overthrows the wagon which is toiling up with the bell: Heinrich, trying to save it, falls too. At last, painfully he makes his way up-hill (by some great or fatal instinct), and is brought to health again by the nymph Rautendelein. How he is found by the parson and two others and carried back to his house: how Rautendelein again appears, and this time finally enchants him to her side in the mountain, away from human-folk and from his wife and kin—this is a lengthening of

⁷ Translated by C. H. Meltzer (London: Heinemann).

the essential action, but it is necessary in order that we may have a picture of Heinrich's life before the spell was cast upon him: and see a little more too of Rautendelein ere the spell of love for a mortal was cast upon her.

The scene then changes to the mountain in the free air of Nature-worship: on which, as against a rock, the calls of old belief and old morality appealing to Heinrich from the mouth of the parson beat in vain. At last comes the vision of the spirits of the two children, who appear carrying an ewer. This is the supreme moment of the play: and neither in the reading nor in the seeing can it leave anyone otherwise than deeply moved. Heinrich falls wearily to sleep when an elf has whispered doubts as to the greatness of his work, the day fades, and he is awakened by the prophecy of the waterman: then in the moonlight appear the figures of the two little boys clambering painfully from rock to rock, and they speak with their father.

This work is both symbolic and allegorical. Symbolism and allegory are by no means the same thing: Symbolism may be described as mythology in being. The great achievement of the play is the creation of the beings who inhabit the mountain, from the old witchwoman (Wittichen), who, though she is a hideous being, and though she uses the folk-language of Hauptmann's folk-dramas, yet (like Caliban) speaks in blank verse, and is in truth a sort of Earth-mother, to the Faun (Waldschrat), the water-spirit (Nickelmann), and all the fairies and nymphs who dance in the moonlight last of all up to Rautendelein, who is a transformed Undine. The very name Rautendelein is a poem. And it enters beautifully into the versification especially just at the end. All the versification which belongs to this side of the play is of the highest merit. Some

critics have objected to our author's making his Faun smoke a pipe. On the contrary that is one of the touches which give reality to the mythology and make it as we have said "in being": though it is likely enough the thought of such a detail, such a touch, was not absolutely original in Hauptmann, but has been caught by him from the painter Böcklin. Böcklin introduces his fauns, his centaurs, his nymphs among the surroundings of modern life: and in a plastic art the effect may be made more impressive than it can be even on the stage. The intention and the extention—in a word the *Inhalt*—of this symbolic side of "The Sunken Bell" is expressed in a few lines out of the speech of the fountain-spirit to Rautendelein, as he warns her or prays her to abandon her plan of seeking out Heinrich in the valley.

Der Mensch, das ist ein Ding
Das sich von ungefähr bei uns verfling:
Von dieser Welt und doch auch nicht
von ihr:
Zur Halfte—wo? wer weiss?—zur
Halfe hier.
Halb unser Bruder und aus uns geb-
oren,
Uns feind und fremd zur Halfe und
verlor'en.

Which is to say that we have here presented to us, created for us, two natures—that which we commonly speak of as Nature personified, alive in the Nickelmann, in the Waldschrat, in the nymphs; and human nature. Between the two stand Heinrich, who must ascend into the mountain, who wills to embrace all the world, Pagan and Christian, "Jews and Greeks," Nature and man; and Rautendelein, who is willing to descend into the valley! willing to put off her immortality, as Fouqué's Undine does or Anderson's mermaid would do, for the sake of love. The more allegorical part of the tale is expressed by three lines in

which Heinrich, lying sick to death on his couch at home where he has been brought back from the mountain by the parson and his late comrades, is talking against his old art. Magda the wife has said how his bells sound like angels' voices over all the hills and valleys.

Im Thale klingt sie, in den Bergen
nicht:
Das weiss nur ich. Der Pastor weiss
das nicht . . .
Ich werde sterben, und ich will es,
Kind.

My bells sound to the valleys, not the
hills,
That know I only; that cannot know
the priest;
And I am dying, child, and will to die.
Magda goes out to look for a healing
woman: and it is then that Rautendelein comes in, in the likeness of a
village girl, cures Heinrich and claims
him.

But however good was the idea of the story, and however poetical the conception of Rautendelein and her kin, that would not be enough if the technical achievement were not there. The Germans have borrowed their blank verse from us and seem at times almost to have improved it in the borrowing. At other times, as often in the case of Schiller, they have failed through a too great facility and not from clumsiness. Over-facility is, of course, the snare which lies in blank verse. Not one of our writers since Milton but has at times fallen into that fatal smoothness: no English playwright since the Elizabethans has used blank verse as it should be used. Hauptmann might have employed throughout his play the metre of "Faust," which is truly German: the greatest creation in the form of verse since the days of Marlowe. He has kept that form generally for his non-human beings, whereas the human ones speak in blank verse. It cannot be said that this last is always good.

"Fiel ich zuerst," says Heinrich, speaking of the fall of the bell and of himself into the tarn,

Fiel ich zuerst,
Sie aber hinterrein? War's umgekehrt?

Tupper himself never wrote anything more commonplace than the second line. And there are plenty of lines which recall Schiller's fatal fluency.

Hauptmann's latest poetical play, "Der arme Heinrich," which is throughout in blank verse, shows decisively that our author is by no means a master of this difficult medium. Who in these days is a master? The general impression left by "Poor Henry" is, at least by the side of the "Bell," itself poor. There are undoubtedly some good passages in the blank verse portions of "The Sunken Bell"—good, we mean, in technique as well as in idea—parts of the dialogue between Heinrich and Magda; and between Heinrich and the Parson on the mountain, especially the "Hahn und schwanz und Pferdekopf" passage which begins "Wahr beste Freund! was stunde nicht bei dem?" but no part save in the act which brings on the spirits of the children is of the very highest quality. There, for once in a way, the Nichelmann speaks in blank verse one of the finest speeches in the play, equal in sound to the matter of its fearful prophecy, and turning into its mystic rhymed chorus at the end.

Bim baum! Bim baum!
Helfe dir Gott aus deinem Traum.
Bim baum! Bang und schwer.
Wie wenn der Tod in der Glocke
war.

Bim baum! Bim baum!
Helfe dir Gott aus deinem Traum.*
* "Ding dong! Ding dong!
God help thee! for thy dream is long.
Ding dong! A heavy knell
As if old Death's hand swung the bell.
Ding dong! Ding dong!
God help thee! for thy dream is long."

Goethe uses two essentially distinct and original kinds of versification in "Faust." Faust's soliloquies, a great part of the dialogue, are written in a metre which ought to be called "Gothic"; it corresponds so exactly to all that Gothic art and Gothic architecture suggest to the mind. But alternating with this versification, rhymed and varied, now rough, now smooth, are exquisite lyrics scattered through the poem, scattered equally through both parts of "Faust," though it is safest to confine one's reference to Part I, all written in the purest spirit of lyricism. Everyone knows "Mit Spezereien," "Ach! neige," and the inexpressible Walpurgisnacht trio, "In die Traum und Zaubersphäre," to give three examples. The Gothic verse of "Faust"

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may be likened to the recitative in an opera by Mozart, the lyrics to the airs in it. In "The Sunken Bell," the portion that is not blank verse corresponds to the "Gothic" metre of "Faust." We have here no passages which are in the highest degree lyrical, but this metre is enough to give exquisite effects of sound and imagination, effects which we frequently see in "The Sunken Bell."

Both in his ideas and his execution (his technique), therefore, Hauptmann, in "The Sunken Bell," shows himself a poet of a high order. But until we have from him work which in the smallest degree can compare with the incomparable lyrics of Goethe, one can hardly so much as mention the two poets side by side.

LA PETITE.

It was strange, but true, that Basil Chillington, aged three-and-twenty, and now as good as B.A. of Oxford (for no one doubted that he had got his degree, though the lists were not yet out)—that Basil Chillington, aged three-and-twenty and worth quite £4,000 a year, had never been inside a music hall. The Chillingtons were Friends, Quakers if you prefer the coarser word. That was why.

One morning, however, Basil happened to glance at the photographs outside the Weekmouth Palace of Varieties, and—well, the result had moved him. Of course they were a painted, padded and immoral quartette, these "Parisian Wonders," acrobats; but Basil was moved nevertheless. There was an expression in the eyes of that one girl, even on the

cardboard, which gave him immediate "disturbance under the waistcoat." His dear friend, Coxon Bates of Oriel, who had never yet passed an examination respectably, had described love in these terms. Basil looked and looked again. And then he blushed, hurried into a hansom and drove back to Brampton Hall for luncheon with extraordinary impetuosity.

And that evening he returned to Weekmouth and took a box seat in the Palace. He heard much that shocked him even in so well-conducted an establishment. But he waited for turn No. 9, and was then rewarded. There were of course four to the quartette: three girls and a young man whose shape and graceful comeliness might have inspired Pindar to write an ode on him. The young man did

marvellous things; he was also the pivot for the performances of the young ladies. He was Pierre; the others were Marguerite, Lucille and *La Petite*. It was *La Petite* whom Basil had come, shyly and with a disquieting sense of unlawful enterprise, to see. She was yet more marvellous than the young man, perfect in contour, with a little round smiling face and a coolness in the midst of dangers that moved to frenzy the host of smoking and swigging pleasure-seekers in that gilded and reeking hall. Pierre ran about the stage with *La Petite* balanced upside down upon him, her one palm only on his head. They made themselves into a column, all the four of them, with *La Petite* on the top. Only *La Petite*'s pretty feet were in sight then. The column broke up and *La Petite* descended, like an angel, with outstretched arms, smiling, serene and—safe. There was plenty more of the same kind of thing, and no accident.

When it was over and the quartette had again and again bowed and smiled their thanks, Basil furtively wiped his forehead and hands and breathed as he had never yet breathed. "How—awful!" he gasped.

And then he looked up to see the florid personage of Mr. Dashworth, the lessee of the music hall, come through his curtain, with an entirely respectful bow. "Mr. Chillington, I think?" said Mr. Dashworth, and Basil assented.

They did not enjoy much conversation. Basil was shy, and—ashamed. Mr. Dashworth was proud of his new patron; said so, and did his utmost to draw Basil out. He mentioned champagne—would Mr. Chillington give him the pleasure and so forth? But of course that courtesy was wasted. Basil was anxious only to get home and think. He felt a terrible disturbance under the waistcoat; yet not

so very terrible, apart from its novelty.

"I hope we may see you again, Mr. Chillington," said the lessee at parting. "There is, as you will have noticed, nothing in my house to which the most prejudiced and puritanical need take exception." Basil didn't know about that. He hoped not, he said; and went.

And the next night he was there again. Twenty-four hours had increased his heart-trouble. This time he looked at *La Petite* through opera glasses, and he knew why he loved her. He had written poetry at Oxford of course, and was thoroughly familiar with the theory of beauty as an outcome of the pathetic. It was the sweet underlying pathos in *La Petite*'s face that attracted him. The smiles, the unchanging smiles, were for the world, but she was not happy. Of that he felt sure. And she was more beautiful than before.

Mr. Dashworth again discovered him. There was little that passed in his house that he failed to see. He observed what magnet drew Basil, and soon mentioned the acrobats. "Who are they? Are they—decent people?" asked Basil, with crimsoning cheeks.

Mr. Dashworth shrugged and smiled, as he toyed with his watch-chain—a large thing. "They're French," he replied. "Not fifty words of English between them. A good sort, of course, and very smart. I pay them—but never mind that; it's first-class pay anyway. Brother and sisters, except the little one. *La Petite*, you know, means *small*. I beg your pardon; naturally you know French, Mr. Chillington."

"Yes, I can talk a bit," said Basil. "Isn't she a relation then?"

Mr. Dashworth became cynical. "You might think so, if you saw the way those other two talk at her in the wings," he replied; "but she isn't."

They're jealous of her. She's worth them put together and multiplied by ten. By what I make out from Mammelle Lucille, they picked her out of the gutter in Paris and—shaped her, don't you know. And they lead her a life. If I were the lad, I'd marry her to spite them, and then do the rounds without them."

"O-h," said Basil, with eager eyes.

"One minute, Mr. Chillington," said the lessee, under an impulse. He read Basil's face very easily. "Please don't go for a minute or two." Basil wondered what he wanted, but he waited. And then again the curtain parted and La Petite was before him, with the lessee behind. She was not dressed expensively and she had the calm eyes and self-possession of a child.

"Monsieur wishes to speak to me?" she said in French.

Basil could have struck Mr. Dashworth in the mouth there and then, the grinning oaf! His confusion, as he rose and begged La Petite to be seated, was hot while it lasted. "Ah no, I must not stay," protested La Petite. "They await me, the others."

Mr. Dashworth withdrew into the corridor: Basil's face was still so easy to read. And then Basil made the greatest endeavor of his life hitherto. Oxford examinations were nothing to it. "How good you are, *mademoiselle!*" he murmured. He meant her talents.

"Monsieur!" said La Petite.

"Oui," stammered Basil, very very red. "I—*o'est à dire—I—je vous admire beaucoup.* Oh no, I do not mean that!"

La Petite had started and then looked round plaintively at the curtain. She was more than beautiful. There was not a trace of paint on her face. And her little bow-shaped lips were just apart, like a child's, showing her even white teeth. "Monsieur!" said La Petite again, as if in

perplexity. Even the baby wrinkles on her forehead were lovely.

Then voices were heard, the lessee's and a woman's. French was in the air. La Petite's white upper teeth closed on her lower lip and she drew her cloak about her. "C'est Lucille," she whispered. "I must go!"

She went and thus it ended. Basil believed there were expressions of high abuse in the shrill rhodomontade which broke out the next moment. He did nothing but wipe his brow. The tumult under his waistcoat was most distressing. What could he do? He clenched his fist and listened to that virago voice. And he knew, yes, he knew positively, just how that poor sweet La Petite was looking under it all. She had given him there, eye to eye, one certain glimpse of the troubled little soul she bore under her beautiful exterior. It was but a glimpse, when the lessee had pushed the curtain and exposed her to him. When he had hastened to mention her goodness, it had intensified, then vanished and the mere child-look (with just a trifle of interested inquisitiveness in it) had followed.

The virago-voice died away and the lessee re-appeared, guffawing awkwardly, his large white silk handkerchief in his hand. "What a cat," said the lessee.

"What was the matter?" asked Basil faintly.

"Oh, nothing but green-eyed jealousy, I suppose. Women are—but that's an old story. We know what they are towards each other, don't we? Why, she shook the little one as if it was a baby. She's eighteen, you know, though she doesn't look it. Now, Mr. Chillington, you will take something to-night?"

"No thanks, nothing. I must be off too. Er—do you mean to say you think they ill-use her?"

"They'd call it training perhaps."

said the lessee, becoming the mere man of business again.

"Then it's a shame, an infer—yes, it's an *infernal* shame, and I—I wish to Heaven I could do anything to help her!" Basil's tongue ran away with him. He realized it and took up his hat. He shook hands with Mr. Dashworth, and walked all the five miles home to Brampton Hall with a bent head. If only he could do something! Such a face! And of course such a soul underlying it! Plato knew all about it. And he, Basil, had instincts which confirmed the wisdom of Plato.

He did not go to the music hall the next night. Weekmouth was already talking. A Mr Best, one of the pillars of the local body of Friends, had heard and, very considerately, taken Basil to task that morning. "We are none of us so strong in ourselves, dear young Mr. Chillington," he said, "that we may dare to face temptations deliberately. You will forgive my saying so?"

Of course Basil forgave him. But he certainly did not propose to *justify* himself to Mr. Best or anyone else except his mother. And she need not know. "I should be glad if you said nothing about it to anyone, Mr. Best," he suggested. "It was just an—experience, and really I did not like it." That satisfied, even cheered the old gentleman. He pressed Basil's palm between both his and rejoiced.

This was on the Friday. But throughout the Friday nevertheless, and even up to daybreak on Monday, Basil's heart remained disturbed. He saw La Petite in dreams twice. And he thought of her constantly, even during the Sunday's silent hour of spiritual meditation.

He began Monday morning however on a new level. Remembering suddenly, with more or less accuracy, a line of De Musset's, he said it to himself while he parted his hair in the middle

—*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!* And he went down to breakfast with shining eyes to kiss his mother and discuss his plans for going to town and reading law. One must do something at twenty-three, even if one has four thousand a year without landed responsibilities. And having kissed his mother and been unusually moved by the devotional course which ushered in the day (his mother read the Bible better than most clergymen), he began to open his letters. This was the first one he opened:

*Palace of Varieties,
Weekmouth.*

Dear Mr. Chillington.

I think you will be sorry to hear what took place in my hall last night. You remember those French acrobats and La Petite? She had an accident at the second performance, and broke a leg, as well as internal injuries. We got her to the hospital and there she lies and the others have left her, as they have an engagement at Glasgow all next week. She will be well looked after of course, but I'm very much afraid she is in a bad way. I looked round myself this afternoon and they don't think well of her. Poor little thing! She looked so pretty in her white bed, lying so peaceful and still. She can't say much more in English than "Thank you!" She says that for the least thing, the nurse tells me. They're all in love with her.

Hoping to see you again soon at my little place,

Yours faithfully,

Philip Dashworth.

P.S. It would be very nice of you to go and see her and talk to her in her own language. At least I think so.—P. D.

Eggs and toast and coffee, with devilled kidneys as a special motherly recollection of his wild college appetites, were after this letter a truly painful ordeal. Basil was not accustomed to dissemble. He did dissemble however. He ate to deceive his mother—and wondered why he did not

choke. And he laughed at his mother's gentle little witticisms as he had never laughed before. Even Friends have facetious moments. Mrs. Chillington drew attention to her Persian cat Esther and the parrot in its cage by the window. The parrot was new to the establishment; very new indeed to Esther. And Mrs. Chillington jested on the subject. But to Basil the parrot and the cat were like life itself, or the vignette of it which had in these last days been disclosed to him. The parrot's antics and speech were amusing, but the cat was ready for it, given the opportunity. Poor sad-eyed smiling La Petite was down, and the cruel world passed by on the other side. Doubtless there were other Petites to risk their sweet lives for bread, and satisfy this ghoulish maw of the world's curiosity—but not for him.

Breakfast over, Basil sped hollow-eyed to his room. Of course he would go to the hospital. But the pain of it, even in forecast, cut his breath. And how his heart did beat under his waistcoat! La Petite was alone in Weekmouth. Not a friend to comfort her, neither mother, nor sister, nor-lover. Not a true friend, that is. Nurses, one knew, were bound to be tender and solicitous; but one knew also that they carried the same phrases, deft-handedness and pillow-pats from one bed to another. Basil slipped out of the house like a culprit.

And then he glided back for a dictionary, a pocket English-French dictionary, and he was thankful indeed that his mother was in his way neither time. He remembered now that he was a patron of the Weekmouth Hospital. He had written a cheque for £50 last Christmas, and promised the same as an annual contribution. "They can't refuse to let me see her," he said to himself, on the strength of this benefaction.

Nevertheless, he found the prelimin-

aries difficult. The hall porter said he would speak to the secretary, and spoke instead to the house-surgeon, who came cheerily down the corridor at the moment. The house-surgeon was hardly any older than Basil himself and he scrutinized Basil rather oddly. "Who is it you want to see?" he asked.

Basil explained, clumsily; and didn't like the task. He did not know her name. And he blushed in a way that made the house-surgeon's eyes twinkle. "Oh, it's *that* poor girl, is it?" said the house-surgeon, stroking his chin. "They call her Saint Marie—the nurses, you know. She's sinking fast, poor little thing. Er—do you know her?"

"Yes, I have been introduced to her," said Basil, thickly. "Do you mean that there is no hope?"

"Not the very least in the world. But come along. She'll like to see you, I dare say, and no harm can be done. What name,—oh, I see, Chillington. All right, Mr. Chillington. Of Brampton Hall, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Basil. He was gripping that little dictionary as if he meant to pinch it through; boards, words and all.

The house-surgeon led the way. He was jaunty almost to the degree of offensiveness. But Basil quite believed he meant nothing by it. He ascribed it to hospital ways. Dying in a hospital was no more than cooking a chop in a restaurant. They ascended some stairs and met a nurse. The house-surgeon stopped her. "I say, Nurse Bountiful," he said, with a jocularity which this time made Basil grind his teeth, "this gentleman wishes to see your little Saint Marie. He's a friend." The nurse looked at Basil piercingly.

"Scarcely a friend, I'm—afraid," amended Basil; "but, as I said, I have been introduced to her, and I'm—I'm so sorry about it."

Nurse and doctor exchanged expressions and Basil went with the former now. A door opened and some twelve white beds were visible, mostly occupied. To Basil it was all very harassing. He went inside, hat in hand, blushing to the roots of his short flaxen hair; and instantly his eyes settled on La Petite, lying very white and very still. "Perhaps you can talk to her in her own language, sir?" suggested the nurse, fingering a screen. She carried the screen towards La Petite's bed and made a sort of recess with it. La Petite was nearest the wall. Thus she and Basil were isolated from the others.

"O," Basil stammered, "*je suis si faché, si faché.*"

She had looked at him at first as if she were frightened. Such pellucid beautiful blue-gray eyes! The child-mouth just parted too! But the fright, if fright it was, went from her, and the beginning of a smile took its place. "Bon jour, monsieur," she whispered.

And then what, oh what, must Basil do but go on his knees by that little white bed and clasp that small white hand which lay on the bed-cover as if it were posed for a sculptor; clasp it and kiss it! La Petite's eyes said "*Monsieur!*" with the most beautiful amazement that was ever displayed in human eyes.

Basil was crying. His tears wetted La Petite's hand. And again La Petite's eyes said "*Monsieur!*"

"I can't help it," Basil whispered in a passion of distress and something more than distress. "J—*je vous aime, Petite, et seulement que une fois que je vous avais vu!*"

La Petite tried to withdraw her hand. She gazed and gazed at Basil, whose ingenuousness was plain even to her. And then she seemed to shiver from head to foot. Basil saw the palpitation under the bed clothes and saw her

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sweet little head jerk. "Ah, monsieur," she gasped, "*je meurs.*"

Her head rose from the pillow, her little hand tightened on Basil's; and there was such appealing simplicity in her pretty eyes that Basil could have cried aloud in his pain, which was so different from hers. He did not know how it happened, but it happened. La Petite must have attempted to sit up. She tried and could not; his arm went to support her, and her little head fell upon his shoulder. And that was all.

And then the nurse known as Bountiful returned. "Ah, poor thing!" she said.

"She's better. She shall not die!" exclaimed Basil, forgetting where he was.

But the nurse gently took La Petite away from him and composed her in bed. "Hush!" she said first of all. And later, when Basil was staring through his tears and realizing the truth of things, "See how she smiles, poor little Saint Marie. She has had a happy death."

Basil had nothing more to do. He had paid his call and been in time. But he did one thing more. "May I kiss her, nurse?" he asked timidly, white-faced like La Petite herself, and with unrestrained tears in his eyes.

Nurse Bountiful smiled. "Of course," she said. "It cannot hurt her—and you see how happy you have made her."

There was still one thing more. But that came hours later. Basil remembered that there would have to be a funeral, and he returned to the hospital to beg that he might pay every penny of the cost. The authorities would have given their assent to a request of an even more exacting kind.

And this was all the help Fate permitted Basil Chillington to render to La Petite, the first love of his life.

THE COMING IRELAND.

The coming up of a new Ireland is an event the approach of which is beginning to be recognized by all intelligent and thoughtful minds at the present day. A new Ireland is about to grow up out of the wreck and welter of the past. I shall not in this article invite my readers to enter upon any subjects which involve the discussion of party politics, and I shall treat of Ireland and her prospects merely from the point of view which any one, Irish, English, American, or other, might take when considering the prospects and the possibilities of the country which is the subject of my essay.

But I may begin by assuming as a principle that the coming prosperity of Ireland is to be associated with the maintenance and the acknowledgment of Irish nationality. The most enlightened statesmanship of all countries has at last, I believe, fully and frankly given up the idea that any possible good is to be attained by legislative or other effort at the suppression or the extinction of a nationality.

I do not suppose that many readers even in Germany are in the habit of studying at present the writings of Jean Paul Richter, and I believe that very few English or American readers pay attention to them just now. But Richter was a great thinker as well as a romancist and a prose-poet, and he has said many things which might have carried with them a lesson even for practical statesmanship. One saying of his returns to my mind as appropriate to that part of my subject which I am now considering. "Every tongue," says Richter, "is eloquent only in its own language, and every heart in its own emotions." There, perhaps, we may find the motto for

the principle of nationalities. Only within our own times has the conquering power come to recognize the idea that the greatest mistake conquest can make is when it endeavors to stamp out of the conquered race the sentiments and the sympathies of nationality. Centuries of incessant strife have been caused in many an imperial system by the ill-omened and futile attempt to convert all the populations into a mere monotonous reproduction of the ways and the sentiments which belong to the most powerful partner in the system.

English statesmanship is at last beginning to see and admit that the Irish people must be allowed and encouraged to maintain their own nationality if the island is ever to be prosperous and if the Empire is ever to have peace within its own domains. The principle of nationality has survived in Ireland through all the persevering efforts made during long centuries to extinguish it, and it burns now more brightly than ever it did before. We have ample evidence of this fact, if only in the immense success which has followed the movement in Ireland for a revival of the Gaelic language. That movement at its opening was commonly regarded as the well-meaning and romantic attempt of a few enthusiasts to revive the dead, to bring back the past, to accomplish the impossible.

Not only in England, but even in Ireland, most people thus for a time regarded it, only that in Ireland it was met with a feeling of something like sympathy, or, at all events, of kindly tolerance and a vague wish that it were possible to hope for some success. But the movement has been growing stronger and wider in its in-

fluence every day, and it may by this time be said to have touched the heart of the whole country. The literature of Ireland's past, one might almost say pre-historic, days, has come up again alive and fresh, and young men and women in every Irish family are setting themselves to make familiar acquaintance with the ancient language of their country. Now, if I were a British Imperial statesman I should regard this as a movement to be encouraged in every way, and should feel convinced that its tendency would be not to keep England and Ireland more apart, but on the contrary to unite them closer and closer in a willing and therefore an enduring partnership.

The coming Ireland is, I take it for granted, to be more thoroughly national than ever. We have all read that there were certain classes of English settlers in Ireland during the olden days, who after a while became more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves. These Englishmen and their descendants were, down to quite modern times, the leaders of every attempt made by the Irish people to resist the unjust and cruel laws passed for Ireland's oppression by the conquering race. These Englishmen and Irishmen fraternized because each understood the feelings of the other, and the Geraldines, as these English settlers were called, and the native Irish would have made Ireland a prosperous country, and a contented member of the Empire, if only they had been allowed to work out the task for themselves. I believe we have now arrived at a time when the great majority of intelligent Englishmen will be quite willing to adopt the principles and policy of the Geraldines, and to believe that by encouraging Ireland to maintain her national sentiments and her national ways, they are doing the best in their power to make her a con-

tented and prosperous member of the Imperial partnership.

I am drawn away from following in this direction my visions as to the coming Ireland by certain accounts which have lately reached me from which I learn that Englishmen are threatened with an important competition in the creating and modelling of this new Ireland. This competition, I have been assured, is already coming from across the Atlantic. What do English readers think of Ireland's becoming a trust in the hands of some enterprising American capitalists? The idea is somewhat startling, no doubt, and perhaps to many Englishmen might seem chimerical and even absurd, but we have lately seen wonderful things done for England, and in England by these adventurous and highly practical American capitalists. If American capitalists are to take charge of British passenger traffic on the ocean, it does not seem quite beyond the outer range of possibility that the same potent influence might quietly take in hand the creation of the new Ireland. Let us follow out the idea for a few moments, even if we should be inclined to indulge it in a somewhat fanciful style. I have been told that American capitalists have already fixed their eyes on certain regions and industries of Ireland, the development of which into an ever-growing prosperity and activity only needs the fostering hand of a well-endowed influence.

How if an American Trust were to be formed with the object of converting Ireland into a smiling and happy pleasure ground for the reception of American visitors? How if the country's industrial interests were to be taken charge of by a syndicate of American commercial magnates in order that the face of the country should be made prosperous and beautiful, that the landscape should

be preserved from the building of over-crowded and ugly tenements, that the noble ruins now constantly threatened with modern invasion should be kept in isolated picturesqueness, and that a happy, thriving peasantry should greet the American visitor where now he sees only misery and squalor? It would, of course, be the purpose of my imaginary American Trust to maintain everything picturesque, beautiful, historic, and national in the coming Ireland, and to prevent the country from yielding to the ugliness which commonly attends industrial progress in other lands.

The idea of many an intelligent Englishman of the present day is that the true way to make Ireland prosperous and happy must be to reconstitute her as much as possible after the model of Birmingham or Blackburn. The idea of my American firm would be to maintain her for ever as unlike Birmingham or Blackburn as she could possibly be maintained. This firm would naturally wish to promote the speaking of the Gaelic language, because of the fresh and lively interest which would be given to the American visitor as he met with group after group of educated Irish men and women discoursing in the tongue of the old Irish bards. Think of the exquisite scenes of hill and valley, mountain, rock, river, and ruin, which would thus be preserved for ever in their own isolated beauty, and for their own sakes. Even the Lakes of Killarney, that marvellous panorama of water, hill and foliage not to be surpassed in equal space by anything in Wordsworth's Lake country, or in the regions of Maggiore and Como, have been again and again infringed upon by modern dispositions, and have been threatened more than once lately with serious and hideous invasion. Think what a resting place of beauty and peace, of poetry and fairy-like witchery, might

be made of these three lakes with their arbutus-covered hills and their musical cascades, by the care of some capitalist company who had secured the services of artistic subordinates to keep the whole region as a sanctuary from the incursions and the appliances of modern civilization! Think of the "Pillar Towers"—the Round Towers of mystic origin unseen in any other land! Then there are the ruins on the Rock of Cashel which ought to be surrounded by nothing but smiling fields, brooklets and clumps of trees, and preserved as a place of poetic meditation for those who desire a holiday, rescued from every reminder and suggestion of commonplace every-day work in counting-house and on Stock Exchange.

I have myself a personal interest from early boyhood's memories with that Blarney Castle which one can now approach by the help of a desecrating light railway. I think I should feel inclined to welcome the domination of the Trust which secured the groves and the ruins from further invasion and protected even the Blarney stone from being made the butt of the cheap trippers' practical jokes. When one has got so far in his imaginings on this point it is easy to go a little farther yet, and to get into the state of mind when one might consent to have the whole island consigned to the care of some protecting Trust which would preserve it from being turned into the mere hunting-ground of the auto-motor. Then I presume that this ideal Trust would greatly desire to restore to the landscape all the most picturesque pictures of Ireland's legendary life, and to show us the gallows glasses in their yellow vestments and with their spears talking in the language of their ancestors, and possibly even—why not?—get up for us on special occasions by the skill of modern art some such presentations of the fairy circle and its

appropriate midnight dances as some of us oldsters used to see at the Princess's Theatre in London, when Charles Kean brought out his famous performance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

But I must pause in my imaginings, and become more serious and practical or some of my graver readers will begin to think that I am losing whatever wits I may once have possessed. I hasten then to say that I do not believe any American capitalists really nourish the idea of thus converting Ireland into a purchased or hired show place for the quiet enjoyment of Transatlantic visitors. It may even be necessary to say for the satisfaction of such graver readers that I would much rather have Ireland allowed to arrange her future for herself, no matter with what difficulties, industrial, political, legislative, and social she might have to contend, than to think of her as converted by any benevolent despotism, financial or other, into a show place for the outer world's holiday-makers. But I have been assured in all seriousness that many American capitalists are already engaged in reasonable and laudable schemes for the development of Ireland's industrial and commercial life, and that if the British Government does not look to itself it will soon find American influence much stronger than that of Britain over the Irish people. As every one knows, we have now arrived at a great crisis in the life history of Ireland, and especially in the history of the relations prevailing, and to prevail, between Ireland and the Imperial system. Ireland has for many generations been sending masses of her people across the Atlantic to find new homes under the shelter of the American Republic. The emigration from Irish ports and from Liverpool has been growing and growing with every year. The population of Ireland is now only one-third of

what it numbered in the days of Daniel O'Connell.

The one great impelling cause of all that continuous flight of Irishmen from their native country has been the existence of that trouble which is commonly described as the Irish Land Question. Ireland is especially an agricultural country, and whatever mining resources she may possess have never yet been adequately worked. The capacities of the country for the manufacture of cloths and stuffs and lace-work, and all other articles of the same order, was in former days deliberately and systematically discouraged, and even repressed, by the Parliamentary legislation of the conquering race. Of course all these ignoble and criminal systems of legislation have long since passed out of existence, but their evil effects are felt, down to our own day, among the industrial classes of Ireland. Therefore the energy of what we may call the working population of Ireland has been confined to the tillage of the land. The principles and the laws introduced by the Imperial Parliament for the regulation of Irish land tenure were such as to make the Irish cottager a perpetual pauper on the land which he himself was tilling. The greatest English political economist of modern times, John Stuart Mill, declared emphatically in one of his books that the Irish cottier tenant was one of the few men in the world who could neither benefit by his industry nor suffer by his improvidence. The reason was plain. The whole soil was the property of the landlord. When the Norman conquest was effected the whole land tenure system of Ireland was changed by a sort of revolution. Under the ancient national system there were lords of the soil, but the followers, or, as we might call them, the subjects of these lords were allowed to have their patches of land as their own possession

and patrimony, and to enjoy the benefit of whatever improvements each could accomplish by his own labor on his own scrap of soil. Under the landlords' system which superseded this ancient principle of tenure, the Irish tenant held his land from term to term at the absolute mercy of his landlord, and as soon as he began to make his patch of ground become productive the landlord raised his rent, and if he were unwilling or unable to pay the required amount, promptly turned him out of his holding and put a new tenant in his place. The competition for land as the only means by which a peasant might obtain a chance of living was so great that it was always easy to find many competitors for every farm and every acre or quarter acre of soil. The landlords of former years were not intelligent enough to see that by discouraging healthful industry among their tenants they were merely driving the more energetic of the rural population out of the country, and thus preparing the ultimate ruin of the landlord class.

We have had during later generations many legislative efforts made to apply some remedy to this terrible national disorder, but no act of legislation seems up to the present time to have even attempted to deal with its real source. The one great change Ireland needed, so far as her agricultural conditions were concerned, was the change which could settle the peasantry on the land and give to each man the security that he and his family were to have the benefit of their industry, their intelligence and their toil. Even Gladstone's beneficent legislation did not go deep enough to remove the real troubles of the Irish land tenure system. Now at last we have come suddenly to a period in the national history when the possibility of a peaceful and prosperous revolution in the whole system seems on the verge of accomplishment.

The most important fact in Ireland's industrial history for many generations has been the agreement come to between the representatives of the landlord class and the representatives of the tenant class, as to the terms on which the whole land question of the country could be finally and beneficially settled. Some few years ago it would have seemed absolutely impossible to form in one's mind the idea of a conference of landlords and tenants coming together in Ireland to consider terms for an arrangement which should enable the landlord and the tenant to live together on the common soil, the landlord receiving his fair rent for the land which he owns, and the tenant having the secure ownership of the piece of land he cultivates on the condition that he pays a fair annual rent for the right of permanent possession. This, however, is exactly what has been accomplished by the conference held between the authorized representatives of both classes, and by the terms of the agreement unanimously adopted. Even if nothing else had for the present come of this conference, if the legislation founded on its agreement and introduced by the Conservative Government had been prevented by any unhappy mischance from passing into legislation, the complete settlement of the whole Irish Land Question must nevertheless be regarded as brought distinctly within our sight. We now know what terms the landlords are willing to accept, and the tenants are willing to give. We know that both landlords and tenants are agreed upon these terms; and this knowledge is in itself enough to satisfy us that the settlement is near. This is exactly what the world never knew before, and it opens for us that chapter of history which is to contain the coming of the new Ireland.

Then, again, we have the evidence

given of Ireland's capacity for the working out of beneficent legislation in the proceedings of the great Irish National Convention lately held in Dublin. This Convention was made up of representatives chosen from all the different parts of Ireland, from cities, towns, villages, and countrysides, all freely chosen by the popular voice of each district represented, and all engaged for two days in the discussion of questions profoundly affecting the whole future welfare of Ireland. On such questions it was utterly impossible that there should not be difference of opinion. Difference of opinion there was, and it was freely expressed during the two days of debate, but nothing could have been more orderly, peaceful and friendly than the whole discussion. The minority in many cases, seeing that they were the minority, and therefore could not claim to represent the general opinion of Ireland, did not even put the Convention to the trouble of a division. Even those London papers which were most bitterly opposed to the whole principles and proceedings of the National Party, cordially admitted that nothing could have exceeded the good temper, the intelligence, and the spirit of fair-play which prevailed throughout the two days' discussions. Some English visitors declared publicly that they had never before seen so great a popular assembly carry on such a debate in so orderly and good-tempered a style. The same kind of declaration is made in substance by an American and a Canadian who were present, each of whom gave his frank testimony that it would have been hard indeed to rival such an illustration of national capacity for orderly debate at any great popular assembly in the Dominion of Canada or in the United States.

I am not inclined to enter here into any consideration on the purely politi-

cal questions opened up by this universally admitted acknowledgment of the capacity for peaceful discussion exhibited by the Irish Convention. I dwell upon it only as another evidence of the coming of that new Ireland which it is the object of this article to anticipate. We used to be told, and most of us were compelled sadly to believe, that the Irish landlords and the Irish tenants could never be brought to live together on harmonious terms suitable to the promotion of the common weal, and that the Irish landlords must be deprived of their property or the Irish tenants must be driven, man by man, to seek new homes in America or Australia. Now we find that the chosen representatives of Irish landlordism, including some of the most distinguished noblemen in Ireland, and the representatives of the Irish tenantry, including some of the most advanced and unyielding Nationalist politicians, have been able to meet together in a long conference and come to an absolute and friendly agreement.

Thus, then, as it seems to me, can we see the advance of the coming Ireland. That Ireland is to be in the future the home of the Irish people. There is no other future for the Irish people which any true Irishman could contemplate with satisfaction. It is not enough to be told that the industrious and hard working man can find a home and a means of comfortable living in a country not his own, and that if he be an Irishman of any capacity he can win a position and a name in some far-off land. It does not reconcile Nationalists to the depopulation of their country to be reminded that Irishmen can win wealth and fame in England and can take service with distinction in foreign armies and navies; to be told that an Irishman may be a municipal boss in the city of New York, or may hold high office in an Australian

administration. We want our beautiful island tenanted by its own people; its waste spaces brought into culture, its towns and cities surrounded by a happy suburban population living in pleasant and cultured homes, and the whole resources of the soil developed to their fullest capacity. The Irish people are especially qualified to enjoy life on their own soil, if they only are allowed the chance, and to bring out in fullness the intellectual as well as the material resources of the coming Ireland. There is a deep undercurrent of the poetic and the artistic in the Irish nature which the stranger can easily discover for himself, even among the Irish peasantry, if he enters freely into conversation with them and encourages them to talk about the memories and legends still haunting their lakes and streams. Such a people could indeed create for themselves a new Ireland, and there is no extravagance in the hope that the new Ireland would become, before very long, a model land of material comfort, of mental growth and of tranquil and brotherly order. Then, indeed, we should have the visitation of strangers from all parts of the world, and the American capitalist might find a new and quite unselfish interest in studying with his own eyes the growth of that newly-risen civilization.

For many generations we used to hear incessantly of the hopeless discord prevailing between Ulster and the other provinces of Ireland. During the Conference on the Land Question there was to be found among the representatives of the tenantry an Ulster member of Parliament, an inveterate Tory in political opinions, Mr. T. W. Russell, sitting in close companionship with men like John Dillon and William O'Brien, and maintaining just the same views as they did with regard to the final settlement of the question. An Irish poet, in the days just preceding 'forty-

eight, wrote some verses which declared, "Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear, can only wake our wonder." Now we have already come to a time when Ulster and Munster, Leinster and Connaught, the landlords and the tenants alike are in full and happy agreement on the one great social and industrial question most closely concerning the welfare of the nation. The old discords which were the curse of so many generations are dying out at last, and we can already see that the new Ireland will be able to settle its internal differences, whatever they may be, in a spirit of enlightened mutual concession. This present year is especially marked out, every Irish Nationalist may hope, as a momentous and auspicious epoch in the progress towards such a consummation.

The year 1903 is the centenary of the birth of James Clarence Mangan, the Irish national poet, who interpreted the feelings and the genius of his country as truly and as thrillingly as Irish poet has ever done. Mangan was still a powerful influence over Irish sentiment in the days of 'forty-eight, which only just preceded his early death. He was a marvellously skilful translator from German and other foreign poets, the very cadence of whose verse he was able to reproduce in the melody of his own lines. But his one especial gift was in the rendering of old-time Irish national songs, and in the blending of their emotions into the subjects which aroused the interest and the enthusiasm of the living Ireland around him. One of Mangan's most famous songs is "Dark Rosaleen," which professes to be in the main a translation into English of a passionate, hopeful, prayerful song composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen" is inspired by the most rapturous love for his country, and faith in her coming destiny. I need hardly say that "Dark Rosaleen" is

the impersonation of the poet's native land. He tells us that

The judgment hour must first be nigh,
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen.

And he exclaims—

The very soul within my breast,
Is wasted for you, love."

Yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen,
And you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen.

The whole poem might be taken as the lyrical and inspired forecast of the coming Ireland. I know of no Irish song or hymn, as I may call it, which

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is more thoroughly steeped in passionate national feeling, or which expresses with greater enthusiasm the undying national hope.

An eminent English statesman, who once held high position in a Government, and had studied closely the condition of Ireland, told me some years ago that if he had his way he would never agree to the appointment of any man to be Chief Secretary for Ireland who could not satisfy him that he thoroughly understood the meaning of "Dark Rosaleen."

The centenary of Mangan's birth is celebrated this year by his countrymen, and I accept that event as the herald of the coming Ireland.

Justin McCarthy.

THE PINJIH RHINO.

The rhinoceros with which this article deals was said to have a blue horn, and, as I will tell later on in the story of Kanda Daud, a marvellous cure was ascribed to the efficacy of the dye won from it. It was one of the large one-horned species, and its footprints proved it to be an exceptionally big one of its kind. It was well known throughout a wide district: it was a *Kramat* the Malays said; that is to say, it was credited with supernatural powers, and was supposed to be protected against all dangers by a guardian spirit. Every animal that attaches itself to one locality and establishes a reputation for daring or cunning, and that is fortunate enough to escape a few ill-directed bullets, comes in a few years to be considered *Kramat*, and is in many cases imagined to be a reincarnation of a deceased celebrity. Animals under the protection of another world will generally treat the human

inhabitants of the district honored by their presence with a benign consideration bordering on condescension. A *Kramat* elephant will walk by the rice-fields leaving the crops untouched, and a child might drive away a *Kramat* tiger that strolled too near the cattle-folds. But this brute had killed three men, one of them entirely without provocation, and had wounded others. He would turn aside for no one, so it was said; on the contrary, if met in the jungle, he would either stand his ground and then slowly advance in the direction from which he had been disturbed, or he would charge forthwith. For some twenty years, since the date of the episode of Kanda Daud alluded to above, he had been a terror in the Pinjih valley (from which he took his name among European shikaris of "the Pinjih rhino"), and wood-cutters and searchers for rotan and gutta would not venture near his haunts unless in

large parties. So old a veteran had of course his scars to show, and he was popularly reported to carry a hundred bullets in his body. (I may say that I only found two of them; but as he fell in a marsh, where the bullets could only be found by groping in the water by the decomposed remains, it is probable that many were lost.)

Many years ago the headman of the district had organized a party of five picked Malays, who met the rhinoceros and fired fifty shots at him. "It was no child's play," the old man said, turning fiercely on one of an audience who had criticized the shooting. "If a bullet felled the brute he picked himself up at once, and if a shot missed he charged forthwith: a hundred men might have fired more shots, but they could not have done more to kill him." And he added with a scowl, "The end of the matter is, that you can't kill an animal that won't die."

Thereafter the Malays left him in peace; but from about 1890 onwards most of the Europeans in Kinta made more or less determined efforts to bring him to account, and on several occasions men came up to him but were unable to shoot effectively. Once the district magistrate managed to get on terms with him, but was charged so often and so determinedly in very thick scrub that he had to beat a retreat, and leave the rhinoceros master of the field. In the dull record of failures there was, however, one light spot. The attendant spirit of *Kramat* animals has power to deceive the hunter by altering the appearance of the hunted animal or by giving its shape to one of the hunters or their attendants, and on one occasion a gallant officer in the N— regiment fell its victim. Leaving his pad elephant in the jungle with a Malay in charge, he proceeded one day to set off on foot to look for fresh tracks. He walked for hours, until suddenly his tracker

stopped him and silently pointed out the outline of a huge animal in front of them. M. took a steady aim and fired: a scream from a sorely stricken elephant and a yell from a terrified Malay were his answer. He had walked in a circle and had fired at his own elephant. As the smoke cleared he caught a glimpse of the elephant before it disappeared in the jungle, and had a full view of the Malay bellowing on the ground. The wretched man had been quietly smoking his cigarette on the elephant's neck, and now, lying where he fell, was only in doubt whether a bullet-wound or a broken neck was the cause of his death. Both elephant and man recovered, the Malay the quicker of the two, for the elephant, though the wound healed, was never fit for work again; but both had a lucky escape, for the bullet, which hit the elephant high on the shoulder, had gone perilously near the man's leg. It will be some time before M. hears the last of the shot; but the chaff of the clubs does not carry the bite of the smiles of the Malays, who give the credit of the whole occurrence to "Old Kramat" and his guardian spirit.

Such briefly was the history of the animal, and Malias was by no means keen on tackling him. Malias was a local Malay who drew a regular salary from me and wandered round the country seeking for, and as far as possible verifying, news of game. He was not particularly bright, and, like all Malays, was inclined to be lazy: on fresh tracks, however, he was as keen as possible, and he would follow up a wounded tiger without his pulse giving a stroke above its normal beat. Chance brought us an ally: this was an old man named Pa' Senik, a foreigner from one of the northern unprotected states. He was of another type to Malias, who was a mere villager; for Pa' Senik's youth had been spent at the court of a petty raja, and

had been such as might be expected from his surroundings, full of conspiracy and intrigue, love and lust, fair fight and cold-blooded murder. At last he had fallen upon bad days, for another raja ruled in the place of the man he had served, and he had had to fly for his life. He came to Perak, where he was shrewdly suspected of complicity in a well-planned dacoity, and then settled down quietly in the Pinjih valley, where until his eyesight failed him he had made a living by shooting deer. He was now old and poor, but despite his age was keen to go after the rhinoceros, and, knowing its haunts and wallows, assured us that he could bring me up with it. But this was no ordinary quest, he said; if without preliminary preparations we went in search of tracks, we were foredoomed to the failure that had attended all previous efforts. We must first "ask" for the rhinoceros from the *Jin Tanah* or Earth Spirits, who have power over the forest and all its inhabitants, and to whom the attendant spirits of *Kramat* animals are vassals. Pa' Senik proposed to make a feast and invoke the spirits, and to ask them to give us the rhinoceros and to accept compensation. We should not have to pay much, he said, for the spirit, if it accepted the offer, would probably ask for something to eat,—a fowl perhaps, or some eggs, and a lime or two. Of course, if the spirits proved obdurate, nothing could be done, and we must not think of any act of defiance; but, if made with skill and address, our application would, he thought, be favorably considered. The exchange value of a rhinoceros in the spirit would seem to be extremely moderate, and I gave the old man a dollar (all he asked for) with which to prepare the feast preliminary to the invocation, and arranged to go to his house to witness the ceremony.

The following Saturday was the day

agreed upon, and a few miles by railway to the next station and a walk of a couple of miles took me to his village, where a house had been set aside for me. After dinner I was invited into the adjoining house, where Pa' Senik had made his preparations. Like Gaul and all Malay houses, it was divided into three parts: the front room or verandah, absolutely public; the middle room, where the men eat and sleep, reserved for intimates; and the kitchen, where the unmarried women sleep, absolutely private. The ceremony was to take place in the centre room, and here I was introduced to Che Mat, a brother *pucang* or wizard, whom Pa' Senik had called in to assist him. After a few minutes' conversation the proceedings began, and while they sat down and faced one another over a brass bowl containing burning charcoal, I made myself as comfortable as I could upon the floor within a few feet of them, and round us such men and women and children as had obtained admission ranged themselves in a semicircle. Various bowls of water, in which floated leaves and flowers, were set about the floor, and twigs and sprays of leaves and blossoms were fixed to the posts and walls. Each bowl and leaf and flower had its definite significance, and to each were spells and charms attached. Pa' Senik then took up an *orbab*, a three-stringed instrument, in shape somewhat like a banjo but played with a bow, and one that seems to require a lot of tuning, for much tautening of pegs and twanging of gut was necessary before the player found the pitch he desired. After a tentative essay or two he struck up a monotonous chant, to a tune a degree more monotonous. Much of his music was improvised, to meet the special conditions of the present instance; but the greater portion of it was part of his traditional craft. It was lengthy and full of repetitions;

but the gist of it was that here was a white man, one of the rulers of the country, who came to ask the assistance of the spirits; and here were Malias, Che Mat, and Pa' Senik, the servants and followers of the white man, and they too craved the assistance of the spirits; and in the forest was the rhinoceros whom they desired to take, and whom they now besought the spirits to give them. What answer would the spirits give us, and by what means could we ensure their assistance in the enterprise? Such, in a few words, was the meaning of an invocation that lasted twenty minutes. The chant ended, Pa' Senik laid aside his bow, and asked one of the company to recite from the Koran. A man at once began to intone some verses, while the whole audience joined in the usual responses and replies, and the protection of the Islam religion was thus called in upon proceedings utterly at variance with the teaching of Mohammed. When this was over, a tray containing rice and various kinds of curry was brought up to Che Mat, who had hitherto remained silent and motionless in pose of entire abstraction. He now roused himself, and throwing some gum benjamin into the censer over which he faced Pa' Senik, moved the tray in and out of the thick smoke until it was thoroughly fumigated. Then he took a saucer of rice from an attendant and passed it in a similar manner through the smoke, and after placing a lighted candle on the edge of the saucer, put it on a tray suspended from the roof between the two men. Finally a plate of parched rice was purified from the mortal taint by smoke, and then, also with a lighted candle on its rim, carried out of the house by Che Mat, and hung on a tree. This marked the conclusion of the opening stage of the proceedings. The rice on the tray between the two men was of a peculiar kind, considered a delicacy,

which is used in sweetmeats, and was intended to attract the attention of the spirits we desired to invoke. The parched rice outside the house was for any of the thousand and one wandering demons who might appear, and who, unless thus provided for, might mar the proceedings. The curry and rice was for the audience, most of whom at once followed it to a corner of the room and devoted an undivided attention to it.

After an interval both men stripped to the waist, and Pa' Senik took up his instrument, and to the same drear chant reiterated the purpose for which we met. Che Mat in the meantime, undoing the handkerchief that Malays bind round their heads, let a mass of long hair fall down upon his shoulders, and carefully combed it out and anointed it with cocoanut-oil. He then bound his handkerchief round the long glistening hair, and rolled it scarf-wise round his head. When this was done he brought forward more saucers of rice, and held them in the smoke of the censer, and passed his hands, his head, his breast, his knees, and his back through the pungent incense, ending by moving the censer three times round himself. He bowed to the four cardinal points, took some of the rice in his hand, and, muttering a spell over it, blew upon it in the professional manner known as *jampi*. Another candle was lit, and Pa' Senik again began to play his instrument. Suddenly Che Mat broke in upon the monotonous music of the *arbab*, clapped his hands wildly above his head, shook his hair free from the handkerchief that bound it round his forehead, and with a quick twist of his neck swung his long locks in a sweeping circle round his head. The suddenness of the interruption was startling. Round whirled the black glistening mane, followed by the gaze of every eye in the room, and as it completed the circle another short

jerk of the muscles of the neck sent it again madly flying round his head. Again and again, and more quickly each succeeding time, was the stream made to revolve round him, until at last all that was to be seen of the man seated on the floor was his short bare body, with an occasional glimpse of white compressed features, surmounted by a black, rushing, whirling halo that filled and fanned the room. For some minutes this extraordinary muscular effort continued, until suddenly Che Mat fell forward in a state of collapse. There was perfect silence for a few moments, while all the spectators held their breath, and then Pa' Senik, picking up some rice, threw it over the supine figure and asked him who he was. There was no answer, and Pa' Senik was forced to have recourse to his *arbab*. After a considerable interval Che Mat announced that he was Pran Ali, meaning thereby that he was possessed by a spirit of that name. In answer to questions put by Pa' Senik, the Spirit Pran Ali expressed himself as friendly to us, and a natural enemy of the earth spirits and the guardian spirits, but declared that he was unable to help us in the quest of the rhinoceros: deer were the animals over which he had power, not rhinoceros. If it had been a deer now—

Pran Ali could help us no further, and thereupon left, and Che Mat was no longer possessed of him. There was another interval of singing and playing by Pa' Senik, who called on various spirits to come to our assistance, and repeated innumerable charms to prevent the rhinoceros from hearing or scenting us as we approached it, to prevent it from charging, or from recovering from any wound that might be inflicted upon it. "If all the dead return to life and walk this world again, then and not till then may this animal turn upon us; if the bottommost of the three layers of stone that support the earth

reappear upon the surface, then and not till then may this animal front us." But to repeat one-tenth of the incantations and invocations would fill pages of "Maga" and would interest but very few. Che Mat stopped the long tale by again evincing signs of another demoniacal possession. Again his attitude of abstraction fell from him, and his weird hair-swinging held the room. After the pause that followed his collapse he inquired what we wanted of him, and when Pa' Senik offered him a bowl of parched rice, he at once seized it and swallowed a handful of the contents; when a plantain was produced, he gulped it skin and all, and then announced that he was Sang Kala Raja Megang Rimba, one of the guardian spirits. Pa' Senik thereupon humbly inquired whether we might be allowed to follow the rhinoceros (which, by the way, was throughout the evening spoken of as a buffalo), and the spirit's immediate reply was a downright refusal, saying that on no account would he lose the animal. This caused a sensation amongst the audience, and there was much shaking of heads, but Pa' Senik was not to be beaten. He began with cajolery, and when that had no effect tried what is vulgarly known as bounce. Who was this spirit that he should take this defiant attitude? To this the spirit answered that he was a thousand years old: Pa' Senik declared that he was a thousand years older. "Ten thousand years old," replied the Spirit. "Ten thousand years older" retorted Pa' Senik, who thereupon challenged his adversary to a contest as to which was the stronger. When the challenge was accepted Pa' Senik seized a handful of parched rice and threw it full in the face of his adversary, and then leant forward glaring at him over the smouldering censer. His opponent immediately seized a huge bowl of rice and raised it in the

act to hurl; but when his arm reached the topmost point above his shoulder from which it would turn to throw, he suddenly stiffened, and the whole of his body became rigid. For a few seconds he sat there living and motionless as a statue of Discobolus, and then the bowl dropped from his nerveless fingers and fell crashing to the floor. Sang Kala Raja Megang Rimba was beaten in contest. He cast himself forth and Che Mat was thrown into a third frenzy, becoming possessed of a spirit named Awang Mahat. Unfortunately Awang Mahat belongs to that unhappy class, whether in this world or the other, of creatures who mean well: his intentions are excellent, but he is powerless for good or evil, and the consideration he meets with is therefore such as might be expected. Little was asked of him, and he could tell us less; beyond saying that if our quarry were wounded near water it would come to life again (a pleasing prospect, as we had to seek it in swamp and marsh), he could not help us. He remained but a few minutes, and then craved leave to depart. When he left Che Mat was nearly fainting, and to allow him to recover there was a long interval of playing and singing by Pa' Senik. Che Mat's wife, herself no unskilled disciple in witchcraft, in the meantime occupied herself in attending to her husband, breathing upon him, rubbing, kneading, and massaging him. When attention was called and the proceedings resumed, Che Mat fell into a fourth frenzy, more violent than any that had preceded it. He had undergone his previous attacks in silence, but this time he gave vent to scream after scream, short sharp yells of pain. When the succeeding exhaustion had somewhat passed, he declared that he was the Jin Kepala Gunong Apl—the Jin of the Volcano's Summit—one of the *Jin Tanah*, the Earth Spirits, whom we had to fear

in this enterprise. He was most violent at first, but soon became more friendly, and finally asked what we would give him if he allowed us to "take" the rhinoceros. Various gifts were suggested, but rejected as valueless in the Spirit World, until finally the offer of an egg, some parched rice, and the rice I have mentioned as a delicacy, was accepted. This Pa' Senik was careful to explain to me the next morning was not in this case to be considered as representing the exchange value of the rhinoceros; it was tendered and accepted only in the sense of a propitiatory offering. All that was vouchsafed was that, as far as the Earth Spirits were concerned, we were at liberty to follow the rhinoceros; whether we succeeded or not was another thing, and to that the Jin would not commit himself. But we were given an omen, and told that if we met a tiger's tracks crossing those of the rhinoceros, we were to return at once and not to make another attempt; when we made our offering at the entrance of the forest, certain signs in the flame of a candle would tell us the disposition of the guardian spirit; and, thirdly, we were to be guided by our dreams that night. The Jin then threw Che Mat into a final frenzy and left. This ended the night's work.

We were astir early the next morning, and Malias eagerly asked me what I had dreamt. Alas! no omens were to be gathered from my dreamless sleep; nor had any one else been favored, except my little Tamil "boy," who had been very much frightened by what he had peeped in to see overnight, and who plaintively said, in tones that showed he wished it were true, that he had dreamt of being back at my house. Pa' Senik was ready with his offering, and after breakfast he, Malias, and I set off for a walk in the jungle. There was no *khabar*,

for, as I have said, no one would go to look for this animal's tracks; but a day would be well spent in learning as much as possible of the lie of the country. At the "gateway of the forest," then, Pa' Senik made his offering. Splitting into four the end of a bamboo, and deftly weaving a jungle creeper through the split ends, he improvised a censer, which a couple of green leaves and a handful of earth made fire-proof. Some dry leaves and a dead twig or two made a fire, upon which he sprinkled incense. The stipulated offering was passed through the smoke, and then carefully placed on an open spot. Now came the question: What was the augury? Pa' Senik lit a candle, and placed it on the edge of the censer, and, after due invocation, stepped back and keenly watched the flames. In doing this one has to stay beside the lighted candle, calling upon the spirits to attend until one feels one's skin move, then step back and watch the flame: if it flickers it betokens the arrival of the spirits; if, after breaking and wavering, it burns true, straight, and upright—success; extinction is failure; if it blows to the right or toward you, hope; to the left or away from you, the chances are against you. In the wind-protected corner Pa' Senik had chosen, the candle burnt true and bright, and as we started hope ran high. We had a long day's walk through the jungle, but to find fresh tracks was too much to expect. Old tracks, however, and abandoned wallows, gave proof of "Old Kramat's" existence; and the next morning I returned to my quarters well satisfied at having got through the opening stages of the campaign.

Though no result was seen that day, Pa' Senik's offering had not been without its effect, for not many days later a Malay came hot-foot in search of Malias, and told him that he had that morning seen the fresh tracks of the

rhinoceros crossing a native path some twelve miles away. Pa' Senik was sent for, kit and provisions packed, coolies collected and despatched, and that night we all slept in our informant's house. It stood in a small clearing in the depths of the jungle. To the right and left two precipitous limestone hills rose sheer out of the level plain, their bases but a few hundred yards away, and their summits nearly twice as many hundred feet above us. Between them flowed a clear stream, and on the edge of this the house was built. As the sun set numbers of jungle-fowl crowded and called on every side as they came down to drink, and a party of black gibbons made the echoes ring with their ear-piercing whoops. The wild goat-antelope lived on these limestone hills; our host Hussein informed us,—one could hear them bleat at night, and they often came down from the precipitous heights to feed round his clearing, but they were very rarely seen.

We went to sleep early, and the next morning I woke my men at half-past four. A tiger had roared close to the house during the night, and this made Pa' Senik rather apprehensive of the omen regarding the tiger tracks crossing the rhinoceros tracks. We made a good breakfast, and while the first jungle-cock was shrilling his clear challenge and the gibbons went whooping through the tree-tops in search of food, we started to make a wide cast through the jungle to find fresh tracks of the rhinoceros. Without doubt the heart of the Jin had been softened, for we had not gone more than two or three miles before we came on tracks made early the previous evening.

Pa' Senik had explained to me overnight that his "work" of the evening I have described would remain effectual for a month, and that an offering each time we entered the jungle anew

was all that was now required. He was provided with his censer and propitiatory gift, and in half an hour we were ready to proceed. Malias and I then went on alone, instructing Pa' Senik, Hussein, and another local Malay, to follow us slowly, and to keep, as far as they could judge, a quarter of a mile behind us. We followed a well-beaten track through the jungle, and it seemed from the manner in which the animal had walked steadily on, without stopping to feed on the way, that he was making for another part of the country, and that many miles lay between him and us. We were therefore taken entirely by surprise when, before we had gone more than half a mile, a turn in the path brought us suddenly upon him. He was lying at full length in a wallow; but I was unable to make use of the disadvantage at which we held him, for as I threw up my 10-bore a hanging creeper caught the barrels, and I had to lower the rifle and disengage it before I could bring it fairly to my shoulder. By this time the rhinoceros had lurched out of the pool, and I only had time for a hasty shot at his shoulder, hitting him, as I subsequently discovered, too high up and too far forward. The dense smoke of the black powder prevented me from getting a second shot before the animal disappeared in the heavy jungle. An examination of the tracks explained the suddenness of the encounter, for they showed that the rhinoceros had stayed the whole night long in the wallow, and the footprints proved that it really was "Old Kramat" that we had met. This Malias was at first inclined to doubt, for we had seen the animal plainly, and his horn was not the cubit's length of cerulean blue that every one knew "Old Kramat" carried, but only a short, black, shapeless stump; nor had he in the least degree acted up to his reputation for pugnac-

ity. The only fact in favor of the theory that it was he whom we had met was that there was not a sign of blood. This rather disconcerted the Malays; but I had before followed a wounded rhinoceros for three miles without finding a drop of blood (until the Malays had openly grumbled at my following an animal that had obviously been missed), and when I did come up with it had found it on the point of death—dying, I believe, from internal hemorrhage. We made but a short pause by the wallow to examine the tracks, and then pushed on. At once we were covered from head to foot, and our rifles from stock to muzzle, with the wet clay that hung to the bushes through which the rhinoceros had made his way. Slimy branches dripping with mire slapped our faces, and oozy drops of mud fell upon our necks and clotted in our hair. Then before we had worked more than a hundred yards of our way along the track a mass of white glittering clay caught my eye, and as I squatted on my heels Malias reached forward to make an excited tug at my coat. What we saw was on slightly higher ground than that on which we stood, and appeared to be at least seven feet high: it was perfectly motionless. An "ant-hill" whispered Malias, for it was covered with the same substance as that with which we were smeared. An ant-hill of course, I thought, and the rhinoceros has rubbed against it in passing. And so I nodded and prepared to move forward, but as I did so the mass moved and disappeared behind the brown pile of a real ant-hill. "Allah! that was he," groaned Malias. But before I could express my feelings the animal reappeared on the other side of the covering heap, and walked slowly away from us. Though his back was well exposed, a careful aim at the base of the spine produced no effect, and (the smoke hung round

terribly) I had no time for a second shot; nor perhaps would I have risked it, for I felt sure that this time at all events he would charge. However, the rhinoceros went straight away, nor did we see him again for many hours. For perhaps a mile we followed him through big jungle, where, though rotans, creepers, and lianes obstructed the path, the forest-trees afforded a shelter from the sun. But then the rhinoceros turned aside into a clearing where two seasons before the Malays or the aboriginal Sakeis had felled the forest to grow a crop of hill-rice. The scrub that had grown up since they had reaped their harvest and abandoned the place was some ten feet high, and here the difficulty of making one's way was increased a hundredfold, and moreover we were exposed to the full force of the tropical sun. Bowing and bending to avoid the interlacing creepers, twisting and turning to free our rifles from the branches that, despite our efforts, caught their projecting muzzles, we had of course to move in perfect silence. The sun struck fair on our rounded backs, and we were surrounded by myriads of flies. They flew into our eyes, imprisoned themselves in our ears, or crawled clog-footed over our glistening faces. We pushed on extremely slowly, for, though we had no desire to come up with the rhinoceros in this horrible tangle, where we had but little chance of self-defence, there was no alternative but to stick to the tracks. We could not say what line the animal intended to take, and to make a detour was therefore out of the question. The only thing to do was to give it time to move on, and to trust to meeting it in more favorable country. At first the tracks showed that it could not decide whether to go straight away or whether to refuse to leave the advantage the thick scrub gave, or thirdly whether to wait in the path and fight.

This, of course, necessitated extreme caution, but at last after some two or three hours we emerged from the scrub and re-entered the big jungle. Soon afterwards we saw a few scanty drops of blood, and Malias was much reassured thereby. Then the rhinoceros took a definite line across country, and at about one o'clock we came to a small stream that it had crossed. Here we waited for Pa' Senik and the men who carried my tiffin and their own mid-day meal, and after a cigarette we pushed on once more. Before we had gone another mile a snort and rush showed that we had come up with "Old Kramat" again. His behavior was most extraordinary; from a distance perhaps of some fifty yards away he charged headlong towards us, passing within fifteen or twenty yards of our position, and then stopped when he had gone fifty yards behind us. Here he paused a few seconds, and then with a snort charged back again at an acute angle to the last direction he had taken. He again passed close enough for us to catch a glimpse of him and to see the bushes moving, but not close enough for one to aim with any certainty. Again he stopped, paused, and then with a snort came back on another line that passed us no nearer than the others. What his intention was I cannot say; whether it was that he could not discover our exact position or whether his wounds had knocked the inclination for real fighting out of him, I do not know; but I am inclined to believe that he did not want to fight, and think that it was what tacticians term a demonstration. He made five such rushes, but no time did he come close enough for me to take more than a snap-shot, and this, thinking that I should require my cartridges for close quarters, I refused to accept.

At last, however, Malias pointed out a stationary black object some twenty-

five or thirty yards away. I could see that it was the rhinoceros, but could not make out what part of him it was. Nevertheless, thinking that I might not get a better opportunity, I fired, and in another wild rush it disappeared. Again we followed, and after another mile came up with him for the fourth time, when after a series of similar demonstrations he gave me a clear shot at twenty-five yards at the base of his spine. He went straight away, but the blood showed that both this bullet and the one before had taken effect, and when we came on a place where the poor brute had lain down, we made certain of him. Though we followed the tracks until four o'clock we failed, however, to come up with him again. It was now within two hours of sundown, and as we had only a rough idea of where we were, it was necessary to think of getting back home. We therefore waited for the other men to come up to us, and then discussed the position: the house from which we had started that morning was many miles behind us, and it was out of the question to think of returning there. Where was the nearest house? On this question there was a divided opinion, and one of the debaters climbed a tree to prove his case, and descending admitted like a man that he was wrong. From the tree he could see a grove of *durian* trees, and towards this spot we made our way, for we knew that from the grove a native track would lead to the nearest village. Before we left the tracks we marked a tree or two, so as to be able to start the next morning where we now left off, and then made our way toward the *durian* trees. When we arrived there we found that we were within two or three miles of Pa' Senik's house, which we reached within another hour. The actual distance we had followed the rhinoceros from sunrise to nearly sunset was not

more than fifteen miles (from point to point it was perhaps seven), but these miles had been covered step by step: carrying the weight of a heavy rifle, under a tropical sun, bent double to evade the thorns that clutched at everything, stepping delicately to avoid the dead leaves that crackled under foot, and with every nerve on the alert, we did not estimate the distance by miles.

When we arrived at Pa' Senik's house I found that some cartridges had fallen from my worn-out old belt, and that I only had four cartridges with me. It was therefore necessary to go to my house to get more, and Malias and I set off at once: two miles took us to the railway-line, and then seven more miles of skipping and tripping over railway sleepers in the dark took us home, and put the finish to a day's work that lasted from five o'clock in the morning to eight in the evening.

The next morning the first down train stopped to let us get off at the nearest point to Pa' Senik's house, and at nine o'clock we were at the spot where we had left the tracks the evening before. I was disgusted with myself with having bungled my first shot, and having made such tinkering efforts at the other three, and was determined, if possible, to reserve my bullets for a better opportunity. We found that the rhinoceros had lain down and slept the night not far from where we had left him: he had eaten but very little, and had not wallowed. He had now of course many hours' start of us, and we had to make such speed as we could in order to overtake him, and yet to exercise extreme caution that we might not stumble upon him and be charged unawares. We had to move in perfect silence or we should not come up with him, and at the same time we had to keep our eyes on the tracks step by step. The difficulty of following the tracks even of

a rhinoceros is extraordinary. One would imagine that an animal weighing perhaps two tons, and whose footprints are nearly twelve inches across, would be easy to follow; but time after time we had to stop, retrace our steps, or make a cast through the jungle. On hard dry ground covered with leaves, only the barest impression was left: we had often to lift the leaves to look for the mark of a toe-nail dinting perhaps the undermost leaf to the ground. Often, too, the tracks appeared to go straight on, and it might not be for some time that we found that we were on old tracks and must turn back. Traces of blood were extremely scanty, and it was only from time to time that one or the other of us would silently point to a single drop of clotted blood on a leaf or twig. The difficulty, too, and the physical exertion of moving in silence through the jungle must be undergone to be fully realized—one hand perhaps disengaging a thorny creeper from the shoulder, the other hand holds a heavy rifle, and with one foot suspended in the air to avoid some crackling leaf, every muscle of the body is necessary to maintain one's equilibrium. Moving thus in silence, we saw in the jungle animals that would otherwise have been alarmed long before we came in sight. Mouse-deer repeatedly allowed us to approach within a few feet of them; twice we got among a sounder of sleeping pig before they woke; and once an agitated tapir dashed across the track only a few yards away from me. A danger, however, there is of this silence. Mallas and I had followed a wrong track for a few yards before we discovered our mistake: retracing our footsteps, we saw that beside the path lay a green puff-adder coiled and ready to strike, and that each of us had unwittingly set his foot down within six inches of its head.

It was slowly thus that we made our way, and it was past one o'clock on an intensely hot day that we came up with the rhinoceros again. I then saw him some forty yards away standing broadside on to us. His head was hidden by foliage, and it was impossible to say at which end of the formless mass it was. I made the inevitable mistake, and a careful aim at the spot where I imagined the heart to be only hit him far back in the quarters. As on the preceding day he rushed away on receiving the bullet, and the country in which the tracks took us was extremely dangerous. This was another clearing made for the cultivation of hill-rice, such as that we had passed through the day before, but this was younger, and therefore worse. That of yesterday was some two years old, and through it one could see a few yards: this was only seven months old, and an object a foot away was invisible. Of course, I repeat, no sane man would seek an encounter with any dangerous animal in either place. But the younger growth is worth describing: it is a mass of tangled vegetation, for here the giant *lalang* grass, that grows some six feet high, fights for its life with the horrible creepers that bind and choke it, and with the scrub bushes that send their roots down into the earth to undermine it. Here, like wrestlers, they strain and pull, and the victory is to the one that can endure the longest. The loser dies, and giant grass, creepers, and scrub fight interlocked at death-grips.

Through this almost impenetrable thicket the rhinoceros made his way, and to use a homely simile, his track looked like a double cutting on a railway line. It was necessary therefore to give him time to quit such desperate country, for in a patch of such wide extent a detour was out of the question. We therefore sat down for half an hour and then followed on;

but soon we found that what appeared to be a double cutting had developed into something more like a tunnel, through which it was necessary to make our way on hands and knees. It was impossible to see more than a foot in any direction, impossible to stand, and, except with one hand on the ground, impossible to fire. I therefore again gave the order to retreat, and for another half-hour we waited on the edge of the thicket. Then we heard an uproar among some monkeys on the far side of the scrub. "They are chattering at the rhinoceros," I said.

"Let us see," said Malias. And on we went again. Happily the tracks led straight on through the scrub, and as there was none of the twisting and turning we had met the day before, we were emboldened by the calls we had heard from the monkeys, and pushed on, in hopes that the rhinoceros was now in more open country. Suddenly a few heat-drops, generated from a steaming ground and a blazing sky, fell patterning round and on us. Malias at once seized my coat and looked on every side with perturbation. "*Hujan panas*," he whispered, for "hot rain" is the sign of a bloody death.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is a sign that the rhinoceros will die to-day."

"That is not certain," he retorted; "it may be the rhinoceros that will die, and perhaps it may not." And then he added, very slowly and sententiously, "It is the Malay custom to be very careful when this happens."

His nerve seemed shaken for the moment, and I acquiesced, and more carefully than ever we crept along on hands and knees. The heat in the open scrub was terrific. The tangled vegetation we were crawling through afforded our spines and necks no protection from the sun, and the air was bound a prisoner by the giant grass and

bushes that throttled one another. Waves of heat were rising from the sweltering ground in quivering lines, and more than half we breathed there was steam; this filled the throat, but, though they hammered against our ribs, could not fill the lungs. The perspiration dripped from every pore of the body, but the mouth and tongue were clogged with drought, and salt with the moisture from our lips. And worse than anything else was the drumming of the nearly bursting blood-vessels behind our ears and temples. Time after time I was deceived into thinking that I heard the rhinoceros move.

At last we reached the edge of the forest in safety, and threw ourselves down in utter exhaustion. We lay there gasping until the other men came up with us, and then found that the help we had expected from them had failed us. They produced sandwiches, cigarettes, my small flask of neat whisky, but for some extraordinary reason had forgotten the bottle of cold tea. I could not touch the whisky, and without something to drink it was impossible to eat or smoke. The only thing to do was to go on. On, on, and on therefore, we pushed, without finding a drop of water to alleviate our thirst, and to enable us to touch the mockery of refreshment we carried. There was not a sign of the big beast that led the way except the three round dents that marked his toes, and occasionally in softer ground the impression of his sole. At last, at four o'clock, as we were thinking of giving up for the day, we came on a path that Malias recognized as one leading to the village of Pinjih. We therefore waited for the other men, and, after marking the place, made our way to the village. There we arrived at sunset, and a house was quickly put at our disposal. Then after a swim in the river, rice, grilled chick-

en, chillies, and salt fish—all that the village could offer—were ready for us.

Malias was openly despondent. Had not every one failed in this quest, and how was it that bullets that would kill an elephant dead on the spot failed even to knock this animal over? The Jin was playing with us; we were safe from his displeasure perhaps, but it did not seem that he had any intention of allowing us to kill the rhinoceros. Though Pa' Senik was more cheerful, his prognostications were even worse. The animal, he said, was making for a hill called Changkat Larang, and if it once reached that spot its wounds would immediately be healed. We had left the tracks within three miles of the hill, and our only chance was to come up with it the next day before it reached this hill of healing. Both were so down-hearted that I reminded them of the portent of the "hot rain," and suggested that the rhinoceros had returned to die by the stream and the village from which he had taken his name for so many years. But without avail: both shook their heads in doubt, and I went to sleep, to hope for better luck the next day.

By sunrise the next morning we had finished our meal of rice and chicken, and set off to pick up the tracks of the day before. We were soon on the ground, and then proceeded in the same order as on the two previous days. Soon we came on the spot where "Old Kramet" had spent the night. He had fed heavily on lush grass and young shrubs, and had swallowed for some hours. This was bad, very bad indeed, for the night before he had barely eaten a few mouthfuls, and had not swallowed at all; and now it seemed as though he were better and stronger after the second day than he had been after the first. Pa' Senik, who was close behind, came up, shook his old head, and intimated that he had told us overnight that if the

rhinoceros reached Changkat Larang his wounds would heal; the hill was now not far off, and then—I cut him short, and, picking up the tracks, pressed on. In a few minutes a rush some seventy yards ahead of us showed that our quarry was again afoot. This was worse than ever. Hitherto, every time that we had come up with him we had managed to catch a glimpse of him; but now he would not let us come within sight of him, and I felt inclined to give up hope. To-day was my last chance, for I had to be back in office the next morning; the brute was stronger and better than he had been the day before, and now he refused to allow us to come to close quarters. And, climax of despair, he was heading straight for Changkat Larang. One ray of hope remained. The rush we had heard seemed but a short one: seemed, I say, for even so huge a brute as an elephant, after its first startled rush, can settle down in so silent a walk that a man may be pardoned for imagining it to be standing still, whereas it is really rapidly putting a lot of ground between it and its pursuer. Praying, therefore, that the rhinoceros might really have remained stationary after the rush we had heard, I moved as rapidly and as noiselessly as possible round to the right, in the hope of cutting him off, and after a detour of a few hundred yards had the extraordinary good luck of finding myself close behind him. The wind was in my favor, and I was able to get within some twenty-five yards. He was looking down the path he had come, and I had made an exact semicircle in my detour, and was diametrically behind him. I had misjudged him when I had thought a few minutes before that he would not allow me to come to close quarters, for now his every attitude meant fighting. Hustled and harried for the last two

days, poor brute! he could stand it no longer, and was now determined to run no farther, Malias, crouching close on my heels, urged me in a whisper to shoot at the leg, and aim to break the bone. But I hoped for a better chance than that, and squatted down to await developments. Then a slant of our wind must have reached the rhinoceros, for he very slowly began to slew round. The huge hideous head lifted high in the air and swung slowly over the shoulder, the dumpy squat horn showed black, the short hairy ears pricked forward, and a little gleam showed in the small yellow eyes; the nostrils were wrinkled high, and the upper lip curled right back over the gums, as he sought to seek the source of the tainted air. Pain and wrath were pictured in every ungainly action and hideous feature. High in the air he held his head as he turned round, high above us as we squatted close to the ground, and his neck was fairly exposed to a shot, but I waited to let him show yet more. Then, how slowly it was I cannot say, but very slowly it seemed, his shoulder swung round, and at last I was afforded a quartering shot at the heart and lungs. I fired, and knew that he was mine. A short rush of some thirty yards, and he fell in an open grassy glade, never to rise and never again to see Changkat Larang—"the hill of healing." Though he could not rise, the poor brute was not dead; and as he moved his head lizard-like from side to side in his efforts to raise his ponderous body, he seemed more like a prehistoric animal than one of our times. The head of a lizard it was exactly, and the body of an elephant was joined on to it. Another shot killed it. Toil and trouble were all forgotten, and when Pa' Senik and the two other men came up all was congratulation, until we began to discuss the question of the easiest way to get the trophies home.

We had not been out more than an hour, and so I said that Malias and I would go back to the village of Pinjih and get elephants to carry the head and feet, while I sent the other three men to the house where we had spent the first night three days before, to fetch my servants, my kit, and my camera. It was with the greatest difficulty that I induced Malias to leave the body.

"Some one must stay and look after it," he said.

"But it's dead now," I objected.

"Yes," he said with firm conviction; "but it was dead after Kanda Daud shot it, and it came to life again and nearly killed him." And he then asked to be allowed to stay behind, to shoot it again if it showed any symptoms of returning vitality.

It was with some trouble that he was finally persuaded to come away; but not even then would he move until he had hacked one of the hind-feet nearly off.

"If he does go, he will go lame," he said.

By noon I had collected three elephants, and on the arrival of the men with my camera and impedimenta, we returned to take some snap-shots (which were not a success) and to cut off and pack the head and feet of the rhinoceros. It was slow work, and it was not until nearly sunset that I got back to my house.

Between two upright posts at his shoulder and his forefeet I made out the animal's height to be 5 feet 3½ inches. I am certain, however, that the measurement did not do him justice: he fell in a cramped position, and it was impossible to stretch him out. It is the best way of measuring dead game, but of course a poor one at that: one can imagine the difference between measuring a horse lying down and a horse standing up. When I caught my second glimpse of the

animal, he appeared to be nearly 7 feet high. That his height exceeded mine I am convinced. I worked at skinning the head and the feet until midnight; but it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that I got even the preliminary cleaning done. The horn was disappointingly small, the more so because it had been said to be extraordinarily fine. A short shapeless lump, only some 7 or 8 inches high, it is hideous in itself, but gives the necessary finish to "Old Kramat's" features.

Nothing now remains to be told except the story of Kanda Daud.

Years ago, before the white men came into the country (1875), Kanda Daud was a young man, and one season felled a patch of forest in the Pinjih valley to make a plantation of hill padi. The crop was nearing the harvest, and he was sitting at night with his gun to keep away the pigs and deer, when this rhinoceros came out of the jungle and fed close up to his house. He fired, and heard the brute rush away and fall at the forest's edge. The next morning he went with a youngster to hack off its horn, when the animal threw off the semblance of death and rushed at him. He fell; and the rhinoceros did not gore him with its horn, as is the custom of the African animal, but bit him with its enormous razor-edged teeth. The boy ran away, and in a few minutes returned with some ten men, whose approach frightened the brute. Kanda Daud appeared to be dead when they picked him up and took him to his house. Though the wretched man had been bitten in almost every part of his body, he recovered, and as he limped beside me to see the dead body of his old enemy he showed the cicatrices of his wounds. The calf and the fleshy part of the thigh of the left leg had atrophied; they had been bitten away; and the ball of his toe reached the

ground in a painful hobble. On his ribs and under one arm were great drawn lines of hideous white, such as one associates with the idea of a scald. The muscles of an arm had disappeared, and there only remained a bone. It was marvellous that he had recovered; but when I told him so he replied that the rhinoceros carried the antidote for the wounds he inflicted, for when he was picked up and taken home his hands and arms were found to be stained with an indigo blue. This was the dye of the rhinoceros horn, which he had seized with both hands in his efforts to free himself from the brute as it held him on the ground. His hands and arms had been carefully washed, and the stained water was the only medicine that he was given. Part he drank, and with part his wounds were washed. It was indeed a marvellous recovery. And the poor old man talked excitedly, as he limped along, of the result he expected from getting more of this remedy: perhaps with a further supply a skilled *pascang* might make the flesh grow on his withered limbs. Didn't we think so? A very little had served to heal his wounds, surely an unlimited supply would bring a perfect cure.

For more than twenty years the old man had been waiting for this event, and at last the day had come. Bitter was his disappointment and pitiable to see when he reached the carcass, for no amount of rubbing and washing would yield a sign of the desired blue from that black stumpy horn. The Malays stood back and whispered in little groups. All felt sorry for him, but it was difficult to know what to do. Finally I touched him on the shoulder.

"The rhinoceros is very old, Kanda Daud," I said, "and now in his old age the blue stain he carried has disappeared."

He stood up and looked at me in silence for a moment. "And I am very old too," he said; and then he added as

he turned away, "and now I shall never recover."

George Maxwell.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A STREAM-SIDE STUDY.

There is nothing so attractive to the wild denizens of the country-side as the tinkle of running water. Where some little stream winds its way through lady-fern and golden saxifrage there, at some time or other during the day or night, are sure to be collected almost all the living creatures that haunt the vicinity. And for those whose pleasure it is to observe nature closely, no walk is so full of interest as one that follows the course of a small rivulet.

Large rivers have attractions of their own; the seaside throws its glamor over many, as do barren mountain peaks and broad stretches of purple moor-land; but none of them can compare in variety of interest with those tiny streams that most visitors to the country leave unexplored.

Yet there are some who are not so neglectful of this source of pleasure. It may be that they have heard the water-nymphs calling to one another through the babble of the waters, or seen in fancy a flash of white limbs where the mimic cascade splashes into a rocky pool, and ever after the charm of the stream-side has held them captive. Slender hands seem to beckon to them whenever they listen to the water, as it sings on its way down the narrow glen, till at last they become as persistent haunters of the stream-side as the water-wagtails themselves, and love nothing so much as a scramble up the tangled course of some tiny brook.

The present writer must admit an

infatuation of this sort. Like Kim's Lama, who searched all India over for a river of healing, he feels impelled to linger by every stream that crosses his path. Often he looks longingly out of the windows of a train at the brooks wandering through meadows or threading the recesses of woods, and longs to explore their mysterious windings and learn their secrets. It always seems as though there must be something exceptionally interesting just around that corner, or behind that clump of silver birches. But, relentless as Fate, the train flashes by and fancy is left to paint the picture.

And, indeed, these dream rivulets can hardly have more charms than some that are familiar in real life. There is one, for instance, that takes its rise high up among the whin-berries on a Radnorshire hill. Close to its source the ground is black and peaty, abounding in pitfalls for the unwary. Here the grouse call to each other, and morning, noon and night the long whistle of the curlew sounds from moor to moor. This last sound will carry many miles, and it is entirely in keeping with the desolate spots that the long-legged, long-billed birds select for their nursery. The melting snows of winter and the heavy rains of spring and autumn convert this lofty plateau, where the stream has its birth, into a swamp of large dimensions.

Patches of snow-white cotton-grass nod together as the breezes pass by, and a careless step will land you knee-deep in the wet green sphagnum moss

that year by year is making new deposits of peat.

Delicate blue butterwort, springing on slender stalks from its neat rosettes of pale crinkled leaves, grows here in the quaking soil, and the sun-dew spreads out her round fleshy discs, that are thickly covered with red hairs, and enclose and capture any small insect unwary enough to rest upon them.

In the spring snipe rise here and there, and flying round at a great height produce that curious sound known as drumming. The bird mounts high into the air, and then suddenly stooping, glides downwards with wings bent like a bow, and in its descent makes a sound exactly like the bleating of a goat.

How this note is produced the writer knows not, though he has often watched snipe carefully through field-glasses. Probably it is brought about by the passage of the air through the wing-feathers when they are bent at a particular angle, for it is always when the snipe is rushing downwards with motionless wings that the bleating is heard. The meaning of the sound is plain enough to those who haunt the marshes. Somewhere, deftly concealed in rushes or coarse grass, is a rather flimsy nest containing four large eggs, mottled with brown and olive-green, or perhaps it may be that two or three little creatures, clad in rich brown down spotted with gold-dust, and with ridiculous, long, lead-colored beaks and legs, are crouching in a hollow among the damp moss.

Not many other birds haunt this particular marsh, though an occasional wild-duck or teal builds there now and then, the mother duck lining her nest with soft down from her own breast. But there are always tit-larks in plenty, and, towards the end of April, cuckoos too, flying hither and thither in search

of a nest in which to place their "false" eggs.

At one point the water has broken through the peat walls, and here the stream proper begins, crawling sluggishly at first over the black soil, with its course checked here and there by clumps of rough grass and quick-growing water-weeds. Gradually the slope of the hillside becomes steeper, and the current in consequence begins to run more quickly and to find its voice, as it flows over a chance boulder here and there.

A little lower down there is a young larch wood, dotted with occasional spruce firs and small groups of mountain ash, and here the open moorland is left, and the stream drops into the more fertile valleys.

Just on the crest of the hill one is impelled to stand still for a moment, and cast an admiring glance at the wild landscape, before plunging, with the stream, into the thicket of larches and brambles.

Not a sign of human habitation is visible: in curve after curve the brown Radnorshire mountains rise, blocking in the prospect everywhere. Close at hand, across the valley, is a deep escarpment of precipitous rock where, till quite lately, the ravens used to breed, and which still is haunted occasionally by one or two of the gaunt, hoarse-voiced birds, though their old eyrie is never rebuilt.

A kestril hangs suspended in the air, motionless as if let down from heaven by a thread, and among the rocks the clamorous jack-daws are busy, bustling to and fro, and chattering after the manner of their kind.

Very far in the distance a long line of white smoke is visible, extending across the slope of a hill. It marks the spot where the mountain shepherds are burning the gorse, that a new and tender growth may spring up for their hardy sure-footed sheep and ponies.

There is no long, shrill whistle of the kite now amongst these desolate mountain summits, the guns and traps of game-keepers have long ago deprived the moorlands of their stateliest inhabitant, and even the buzzard, once common, is very rarely seen circling slowly round on its powerful wings.

But the falling water calls us, and we follow the track of the stream, over ground thickly carpeted with larch-needles, into the shadow of the scented woods.

Almost all these larches are comparatively young trees, yet they wear something of a venerable appearance, so thickly are they coated with long tresses of hoary lichen.

They are full of fragments of wood-pigeons' nests, which, being built of sticks, endure for many years, and are often occupied, season by season, by the same pair of birds—a new platform being raised on the top of the old one. Magpies in the same way go on for many generations patching up the old homestead, adding a few new thorns to the domed roof, relining the interior, and generally repairing the ravages wrought by wind and weather. Some of these erections attain to quite an enormous size, and are conspicuous when the larch trees are bare of leaves. Country boys often take the young magpies, for they are great mimics, and even learn to articulate a few words in a deep guttural voice. A queer belief is prevalent, how far well-founded the writer cannot say, that young magpies taken from a nest in a low bush or hedge-row learn to speak much more quickly and distinctly than those whose nursery was a high tree-top. It may be that there are two different strains of magpies, for it is certain that some of them always build in thick thorn bushes, even where there are plenty of tall trees available, and these bush-builders seem to be rather smaller than the others.

Suspended from a bough of one of the larches overhanging the stream is a globe-shaped construction of paper, something like a large Chinese lantern, and in color the blue-gray of a wood-pigeon's wing. This is the home of a species of wasp, and inside it is made up of layers of hexagonal cells, arranged horizontally, one above the other.

It would make a beautiful photograph, but unfortunately the busy inmates have no wish to have their work perpetuated in a picture, and resent, in an unmistakable manner, any attempt to approach them with a camera.

The stream here has formed itself into a succession of small pools, filled with the clearest water, the sand dancing at the bottom of them and "beaded bubbles winking at the brim"; and these pools are literally alive with tiny trout. There are no large fish among them, for in a dry summer the water dwindles to a mere thread, but these sprats of trout are as brilliantly spotted, and full of game as the largest of their relatives, rising at the fly, by five and six at a time, in a little patch of water about the size of a hearth-rug.

Down the stream comes a strange figure, hatless, and with unkempt hair and beard. His arms and legs are bare, and on his feet are large, hob-nailed boots, half laced up, while he bears, slung over his shoulder, one of those baskets in which navvies carry their dinners. He stops at all these small pools, often knee-deep in the icy water, and groping with bare hands under the stones, claws out fish after fish with surprising dexterity.

Many dozens of the little spotted beauties are in what he calls his "flasket," reposing on a bed of wet green water-weed, and a shilling purchases a large bundle of them which the old poacher strings by the gills on a tough rush. His nefarious em-

ployment does little harm on a stream such as this, which is too small for any of the more legitimate modes of fishing, and nobody knows what is good until he has breakfasted on these tiny brown trout, freshly caught, and fried till they are quite crisp. Where this particular old gentleman came from, or whether he ever extended the field of his operations into more civilized regions, the writer thought it wiser not to inquire, but he certainly made a picturesque figure as he splashed his way down the stream, and his skill in extracting the fish from the rock-pools was little short of supernatural.

Soon the stream passes under an old bridge, solidly built of gray, lichenized stones, the crannies of which are filled up with a thick growth of wall-rue, and the graceful little fern known as *Trichomanes*. Down two or three green, mossy steps the water falls, bursts through a tangle of lady-fern and bracken, sprinkles with spray a broad bed of oak-fern, and reaches at length one of the most curious and beautiful spots that even an enthusiastic lover of stream sides is ever likely to find.

Suddenly the gentle downward course of the water is arrested, and it drops, full thirty feet sheer, into a deep and winding glen. On either side of the fall the ground is clothed with golden saxifrage, kept always green and fresh by the constant showers of spray. Looking upwards from below, the precipitous sides of this narrow gorge in the hills are seen to be covered from top to bottom with ferns, diversified here and there by sprays of ivy. Crags, worn by the weather into a score of fantastic shapes, appear against the skyline, like pinnacles and shattered fragments of the walls of ruined castles, and the rock shales off in flat slate-like pieces under the foot of the climber.

Along the face of the cliff the rabbits

scurry, and there rises a great clamor of jack-daws, full of resentment at the presence of an intruder.

It is only in early morning that the sunlight can penetrate to the bottom of this lonely glen, and at night, when the pale moon peeps over the edge of the precipitous sides, it becomes a scene of enchantment, where the appearance of a troop of dancing fairies, or river nymphs crowned with crowfoot, would hardly cause even a momentary feeling of surprise.

If there were only a little more water foaming over the great rock that blocks the end of the valley, this would be a cascade that hundreds of visitors would crowd to see.

Below this scene of enchantment the narrow valley widens out somewhat, and the larch trees give place to a grove of cool green alders, out of whose ancient bases grow great tufts of the broad fern that always likes to have its roots in decaying wood. A pile of white bones lies here bleaching on the moss, close to the water's edge, which a short investigation proves to have belonged to one of those foxes that grow to such size and strength among the Radnorshire hills. The slender leg-bones point to a creature adapted for swift flight or pursuit, and the long narrow skull has still in it a number of the sharp white teeth that have proved the death of many a rabbit.

How the fox met with his end can perhaps be guessed from the following reminiscence. The writer was once cycling through a remote Radnorshire village in the winter-time, and stopped for a moment to talk to a farmer who was leaning over a gate.

A tiny church overshadowed by two huge yew trees, attracted his attention, and he asked whether the village possessed a resident parson.

"Yes," said the farmer, "We've a curate lodging here, and," pointing up

wards, "yonder he is." The writer looked, and far up on the hill-side descried a figure in a clerical hat, busily engaged with a gun and two or three rough-looking sheep-dogs, in working through a patch of gorse.

"I suppose," he remarked, "that the curate is trying to get a rabbit for his supper."

"No," replied the farmer, meditatively. "No, sir, I more think he will be looking out for a fox!"

Wild horses shall not drag out of the writer the name of that lost place, where the deadly sin of vulpecide is thought nothing unusual even when committed, in cold blood, by a representative of the church.

Once past the alders, the course of our little brook becomes more commonplace, if a stream-side can ever be so called. Cultivated fields appear on either hand, and here and there is an old farmhouse, with thatched or stone-roofed outbuildings in every stage of decay. The bird-life alters, too, for we have left the haunt of snipe and curlew far behind, and their place is taken by the more familiar birds of the lowlands. Wagtails, yellow and pied, run daintily hither and thither, with slender legs and long tails flickering as they perch for a moment on a boulder. Sandpipers there are too, if the season of our ramble be spring or summer, and their clear musical whistle is one of the familiar sounds of the stream-side.

Sometimes one of them may be seen flying round, calling anxiously to her

Temple Bar.

mate, or perched on a railing, flirting her short tail up and down with every mark of uneasiness. That is a sure sign to the naturalist. Somewhere, probably close at hand, is a rough nest made of grasses and a few dead leaves, artfully concealed by its likeness to all its surroundings, and there four beautifully mottled and striped eggs are getting chilled, while their anxious mother watches the intruder. You may search long and carefully before you find the sand-piper's nest, unless by some lucky chance the old bird is taken by surprise, and, rising close to your feet, discloses the whereabouts of her closely guarded treasures.

Never, even if like Tiresias one had a life lengthened to seven ages, would the interest of a single stream-side be exhausted. Go at what time of the year you like, and you will reach the place with pleasure and leave it with reluctance. For the winding stream is like life, its fascination lies in its constant surprises, and the way in which it leads its votaries on, step by step, always expecting to find some new treasure just round the next bend. And at last the western sky glows with saffron and amber behind the trees that lean over the bank. The purple of the great hills deepens, the shadows lengthen and melt into one another, and slowly the sun sinks, and darkness closes in upon the wanderer, leaving him with the stars silent above his head, and in his ears the sound of many waters.

S. Cornish Watkins.

LORD SALISBURY.

The ancients, with true philosophic instinct, refused to pronounce any man happy until he was dead. Lord Salisbury ended a great and busy life more happily, it seems to us, than any of his predecessors, except, perhaps, Lord Palmerston. During the last hundred years, only four Prime Ministers have died in office, Pitt, Perceval, Canning, and Palmerston. Pitt died, in common parlance, of a broken heart, "with the Austerlitz look in his face", as a friend said. Perceval was shot by a madman in the outer lobby. After a few months' office and in the prime of life, Canning succumbed to disease, conscious of failure, and undermined by intrigues. Palmerston alone, true to "the Ha! ha! style" until his death, passed peacefully away in actual possession of the symbols of authority, if not of governing power. Of Premiers who died out of office, Liverpool, like Swift, "expir'd a driveller and a show". Melbourne slipped into genial senility. Peel, after three or four years of bitter isolation, reviled by most of his former friends, was killed by a fall from his horse. Beaconsfield felt his defeat at the general election of 1880 very keenly. He had brought the nation "peace with honor", and yet he was beaten by "the pilgrimage of passion", undertaken by his life-long rival. It was perhaps the cruellest disappointment of his life, and he did not survive it three years. When he was told that Bismarck was coming to London, and asked whether he would receive him, Disraeli answered peevishly, "No; he would not care to see me now." Gladstone lived ten or eleven years longer than Lord Salisbury: but after 1895 can his visits to the inner closet of his mind have been pleasant? He had wrecked the Party

of which he had so long been the idol; and he had twice seen his Home Rule policy, on which he staked the reputation of his life, rejected, once by the Commons, and once by the Lords. So far as success is measured by achievement, Gladstone's end was a pathetic failure. When Lord Salisbury retired a year ago, he was the benevolent despot of a united Party, which was more powerful in Parliament and in the constituencies than any British Party had ever been before. He enjoyed in unstinted measure the confidence of his Sovereign; and he was, unquestionably, the most influential statesman in the world. What more could the heart of man desire? There is something more which the heart of every good man does desire, and that was given to Lord Salisbury. He saw the growing success of those who were near to him, whom he wished to please, and whom he loved. His eldest son was Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Another of his sons was acknowledged to be amongst the most brilliant debaters in the House of Commons. Another had distinguished himself as an officer in the South African War; while yet another was enjoying a lucrative practice at the Parliamentary bar. One of his daughters was married to a young statesman of blameless reputation, and occupant of the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. One of his nephews was First Lord of the Treasury, Leader of the House of Commons, and his uncle's inevitable successor. Another nephew was President of the Board of Trade: and a sister's daughter was married to the Chairman of Ways and Means. We know that Lord Salisbury disliked nothing so much as the obtrusion of family affairs into the region of public

comment. But we write with the freedom of history about the illustrious dead. And we say that surely no statesman was ever so happy in his public and private life as Lord Salisbury.

It is remarkable that Lord Salisbury never really had a rival, in the sense of a contemporary competitor for power, either on his own side or the opposite. Gladstone and Disraeli, who were much of an age, were his seniors by about fifteen years, and belonged to a previous generation. Nevertheless Lord Salisbury made more than one attempt to throw the adventurous genius, whom he secretly disliked with the morgue of a great English noble. But Disraeli was too much for him, and during the lifetime of that dominating personality, Lord Salisbury was obliged to play second fiddle. Competitors for that post he had none, for the Gathorne Hardys and Stafford Northcotes belonged to a different category of men. The late Lord Derby at one time threatened him as a possible successor to Disraeli: but Lord Derby was cursed with the judicial mind, and, as Lord Salisbury wittily put it, "never strayed far from the frontier lines of either party, where he expended his great powers in being disagreeable to his former friends". The retirement of Lord Derby from Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry in 1878, upon the calling out of the reserves and his subsequent acceptance of office from Mr. Gladstone, made Lord Salisbury's succession secure. When Lord Beaconsfield died, Lord Salisbury found himself confronted by Mr. Gladstone, many years his elder, as we have said, and enjoying in the country a power immeasurably greater than his own. It is more than doubtful whether Lord Salisbury could have defeated Home Rule without the assistance of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. However, that assistance he obtained,

and on the ruins of the Liberal party and Mr. Gladstone rose to the ascendancy in his own country and the outer world which he claimed and kept from 1886 until a year ago. On Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894, Lord Salisbury's position can only be compared to that of the second Pitt; he was on a pedestal apart: there was no one near him. To Lord Kimberley, the titular leader of the House of Lords, he extended the grave courtesy due to official position and respectability. Lord Rosebery he always treated as the spoilt and brilliant boy whose exuberant declamation was to be smiled at rather than answered. It was, we think, a misfortune for Lord Salisbury that he was not confronted by a rival of his own age, by a foeman worthy of his steel. Every man requires a whetstone, and latterly Lord Salisbury became sluggish and too indifferent to the man in the street.

How did Lord Salisbury achieve the position of one of the most powerful Premiers that ever ruled the British Empire? We are obliged to answer, by the old, though still rare, qualities of industry, courage, and rectitude of character. He had high rank and considerable wealth which helped him much: what would have become of Lord Robert Cecil, had his elder brother lived, we do not care to speculate. But other Prime Ministers have had rank and wealth, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, Lord Grey, for instance, who have passed quickly across the stage, leaving no memory behind them. It was not his marquisate, nor his rent-roll, that gave Lord Salisbury his power over his countrymen and Europe, or the same influence might be at the disposal of, say, Lord Lansdowne or the Duke of Bedford. Lord Salisbury won his place by much the same virtues as other men have used to raise themselves from humble positions. He was an indefatigable

worker, sitting at his desk, it is said, for thirteen out of the twenty-four hours. He certainly answered with his own hand, and at considerable length, correspondents who wrote to him on subjects which he thought interesting or important, quite regardless of the rank of the writer, a species of courtesy which other smaller men might occasionally imitate. There was only one kind of intellectual drudgery which he refused, that, namely, of writing out his speeches before delivery. Whether he was constitutionally incapable of remembering a manuscript, or whether he thought that the result was not worth the labor, we do not know. But the habit of not writing even notes beforehand prevented Lord Salisbury's speeches from ranking as oratory. For though the style was incisive and correct, generally humorous and sometimes witty, it was too disjointed and familiar to be read in print by posterity. Indeed Lord Salisbury despised rhetoric, just as he despised self-advertisement, and sham philanthropy, and the other demagogic arts. This contempt for popularity was, of course, one of the sources of his power over the democracy. It must, however, be admitted that in what may be called the lyrical power of statesmen, the power, that is, of saying in great language what the nation is thinking, Lord Salisbury was exasperatingly deficient. It was not that he failed "to read its history in a nation's eyes": no man saw further or more clearly ahead than Lord Salisbury: but he scorned to avail himself of what Burke called "swelling sentiments" for the purpose of encouragement or consolation. At the beginning of the Boer War, for instance, when everybody was in despair at our reverses, and when the nation was thirsting for a patriotic speech, the Prime Minister stolidly declined to be dithyrambic, and persisted in treating Colenso as

a twopenny-halfpenny Somaliland affair. It is very likely that this apparent apathy and levity concealed a deep policy with regard to foreign nations: but at the time it was chilling and disappointing.

The austerity of Lord Salisbury's life was another factor which contributed to his influence. Nothing impresses the masses more than the spectacle of a man, who might gratify all the senses of the voluptuary, living simply and devoting himself to the public service. When people said that Lord Salisbury was a cynic they meant that he did not believe in legislation as a cure for social ills. They could not mean it in any other sense. For he was a religious man, passionately attached to the Church, and a man of strong family affections, as we have already observed. Though his pride and shyness prevented him from mixing easily with his fellows, and though most of his supporters in the House of Commons and some of his colleagues outside the Cabinet were unknown to him by sight, his nature was so generous that he was sometimes imposed upon by importunity and impudence. Once you had gained access to him, Lord Salisbury's courtesy was exquisite, and he assumed the soothing manner of a family physician. In legislation he assuredly did not believe, and it is not therefore as a lawmaker that he will fill his niche in history.

Lord Salisbury will be remembered for three things; for having defeated Home Rule; for having kept the peace between France and England at the time of Fashoda; and for having prevented the intervention of Europe in the South African war. In each of these three great triumphs of statesmanship may be detected the ground-note of his character and career. Lord Salisbury was not an orator; not a party manager; not a pro-

pounder of programmes. But he was one of the greatest Prime Ministers of the last Century, because he had the power of sobriety, the quality which the Greeks called *σωφροσύνη*, the sane and fearless mind, working without friction in its proper plane.

The Saturday Review.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Safe home in port lies moored the weary vessel,
 Laboring so long upon the middle seas;
 Her sails are worn and old that were so white
 When on her bridal night
 She shook them out to south wind and to north,
 And so sailed gaily forth.
 Here is no flood-tide, and no ebb is here,
 But low and quiet waters crystal clear.
 Her captain sleeps aboard and has no fear.

Strong limbs and iron thews need no more wrestle,
 Here is no foe to force upon his knees.
 The lists are set no more for you, no more
 The plaudits rise and roar,
 The blame leaps hissing like an angry snake.
 You are too tired to wake,
 Though battle beat about you, and the rumor grow
 From a small cloud a man's hand might shut in
 Into a shadowy storm, a sudden foe
 The wolf's fell bursting through the fleecy skin
 As burst on us the Armada long ago.

Go sleep among your fathers, Robert Cecil,
 Be made a freeman of Earth's mysteries;
 Palace and Parliament with open doors
 Wait other feet than yours.
 You shall be one with all the splendid dead;
 And she you loved and wed
 In lovely youth and lost in gracious age
 Shall be the first after your pilgrimage
 To welcome you and hold you by the hand,
 And lead you into Death's enchanted land,
 Where the true worth of life men understand!

Nora Chesson.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: VILLON.

I have said that in Charles of Orleans the middle ages are at first more apparent than the advent of the Renaissance. His forms are inherited from an earlier time, his terminology is that of the long allegories which had wearied three generations, his themes recall whatever was theatrical in the empty pageantry of the great war. It is a spirit deeper and more fundamental than the mere framework of his writing which attaches him to the coming time. His clarity is new; it proceeds from natural things; it marks that return to reality which is the beginning of all beneficent revolutions. But this spirit in him needs examination and discovery, and the reader is confused between the mediæval phrases and the something new and troubling in the voice that utters them.

With Villon, the next in order, a similar confusion might arise. All about him as he wrote were the middle ages: their grotesque, their contrast, their disorder. His youth and his activity of blood forbade him any contact with other than immediate influences. He was wholly Northern; he had not so much as guessed at what Italy might be. The decrepit University had given him, as best she could, the dregs of her failing philosophy and something of Latin. He grew learned as do those men who grasp quickly the major lines of their study, but who, in details, will only be moved by curiosity or by some special affection. There was nothing patient in him, and nothing applied, and in all this, in the matter of his scholarship, as in his acquirement of it, he is of the dying middle ages entirely.

His laughter also was theirs. The kind of laughter that saluted that first

Dance of Death which as a boy he had seen in new frescoes round the waste graveyard of the Innocents. His friends and enemies and heroes and buffoons were the youth of the narrow tortuous streets, his visions of height were the turrets of the palaces and the precipitate roofs of the town. Distance had never inspired him, for in that age its effect was forgotten. No one straight street displayed the greatness of the city, no wide and ordered spaces enhanced it. He crossed his native river upon bridges all shut in with houses, and houses hid the banks also. The sweep of the Seine no longer existed for his generation, and largeness of all kinds was hidden under the dust and rubble of decay. The majestic, which in sharp separate lines of his verse he certainly possessed, he discovered within his own mind, for no great arch or cornice, nor no colonnade had lifted him with its splendor.

That he could so discover it, that a solemnity and order should be apparent in the midst of his raillery whenever he desires to produce an effect of the grand, leads me to speak of that major quality of his by which he stands up out of his own time, and is clearly an originator of the great renewal. I mean his vigor.

It is all round about him, and through him, like a storm in a wood. It creates, it perceives. It possesses the man himself, and us also as we read him. By it he launches his influence forward and outward rather than receives it from the past. To it his successors turn, as to an ancestry, when they had long despised and thrown aside everything else that savored of the Gothic dead. By it he increased in reputation and meaning from his boyhood on for four hundred years,

till now he is secure among the first lyric poets of Christendom. It led to no excess of matter, but to an exuberance of attitude and manner, to an inexhaustibility of special words, to a vividness of impression unique even among his own people.

He was poor; he was amative; he was unsatisfied. This vigor, therefore, led in his actions to a mere wildness; clothed in this wildness the rare fragments of his life have descended to us. He professed to teach, but he haunted taverns, and loved the roaring of songs. He lived at random from his twentieth year in one den or another along the waterside. Affection brought him now to his mother, now to his old guardian priest, but not for long; he returned to adventure—such as it was. He killed a man, was arrested, condemned, pardoned, exiled; he wandered and again found Paris, and again—it seems—stumbled down his old lane of violence and dishonor.

Associated also with this wildness is a curious imperfection in our knowledge of him. His very name is not his own—or any other man's. His father, if it were his father, took his name from Mont-Corbier—half noble. Villon is but a little village over beyond the upper Yonne, near the water-parting, within a day of the water-parting when the land falls southward to Burgundy and the sun in what they call "The Slope of Gold." From this village a priest, William, had come to Paris in 1423. They gave him a canonry in that little church called "St. Bennet's Askew," which stood in the midst of the University, near Sorbonne, where the Rue des Ecoles crosses the Rue St. Jacques to-day. Hither, to his house in the cloister, he brought the boy, a waif whom he had found, much at the time when Willoughby capitulated and the French recaptured the city. He had him taught, he designed him for the University, he

sheltered him in his vagaries, he gave him asylum. The young man took his name and called him "more than father." His anxious life led on to 1468, long after the poet had disappeared.

For it is in 1461, in his thirtieth year, that Villon last writes down a verse. It is in 1463 that his signature is last discovered. Then not by death or, if by death, then by some death unrecorded, he leaves history abruptly—a most astonishing exit! . . . You may pursue fantastic legends, you will not find the man himself again. Some say a final quarrel got him hanged at last—it is improbable: no record or even tradition of it remains. Rabelais thought him a wanderer in England. Poitou preserves a story of his later passage through her fields, how still he drank and sang with boon companions, and of how, again, he killed a man . . . Maybe, he only ceased to write; took to teaching soberly in the University, and lived in a decent inheritance to see new splendors growing upon Europe. It may very well be, for it is in such characters to desire in early manhood decency, honor, and repose. But for us the man ends with his last line. His body that was so very real, his personal voice, his jargon—tangible and audible things—spread outward suddenly a vast shadow upon nothingness. It was the end, also, of a world. The first Presses were creaking, Constantinople had fallen, Greek was in Italy, Leonardo lived, the sails of Vasco di Gama were ready—in that new light he disappears.

Of his greatness nothing can be said; it is like the greatness of all the chief poets, a thing too individual to seize in words. It is superior and exterior to the man. Genius of that astounding kind has all the qualities of an extraneous thing. A man is not answerable for it. It is nothing to his salvation; it is little even to his general character. It has been known to come and go, to

be put off and on like a garment, to be given and taken away like a capricious gift.

But of its manner in expression it may be noted that, as his vigor prepared the flood of new verse, so in another matter he is an origin. Through him, first the great town—and especially Paris—appeared and became permanent in letters.

Her local spirit and her special quality had shone fitfully here and there for a thousand years—you may find it in Julian, in Abbo, in Joinville. But now, in the fifteenth century, it had been not only a town but a great town for more than a century—a town, that is, in which men live entirely, almost ignorant of the fields, observing only other men, and forgetting the sky. The keen edge of such a life, its bitterness, the mockery and challenge whereby its evils are borne, its extended knowledge, the intensity of its spirit—all these are reflected in Villon, and first

reflected in him. Since his pen first wrote, acerbity has never deserted the literature of the capital.

It was not only the metropolitan, it was the Parisian spirit which Villon found and fixed. That spirit which is bright over the whole city, but which is not known in the first village outside; the influence that makes Paris Athenian.

The ironical Parisian soul has depths in it. It is so lucid that its luminous profundity escapes one—so with Villon. Religion hangs there. Humility—fatally divorced from simplicity—pervades it. It laughs at itself. There are ardent passions of sincerity, repressed and reacting upon themselves. The virtues, little practiced, are commonly comprehended, always appreciated, for the Faith is there permanent. All this you will find in Villon, but it is too great a matter for so short an essay as this.

Hilaire Belloc.

The Pilot.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among the books for young readers in the autumn list of T. Y. Crowell & Co. is a story by Evelyn Raymond with the clever title "The Mislaid Uncle"; a story of tenement life by Anna Chapin Ray, called "Sheba"; and "Twilight Tales Told to Tiny Tots" by Anita D. Rosecrans.

"On the We-a Trail," by Caroline Brown, author of "Knights in Fustian" which is to be published this month by the Macmillans, is a story which portrays the vicissitudes and the lives of American pioneers in the country west of the Alleghanies, which used to be known as "The Great Wilderness."

Florence Converse's new story "Long Will" which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are soon to publish, deals with the peasants' revolt in England during the last quarter of the fourteenth century. The book takes its title from Long Will Langland, the poet, author of *Piers Ploughman*.

Young people who looked forward with delight to Mr. Henty's annual output of striking historical stories, and who deplored his death last winter as marking the end of such pleasures, will be interested in the announcement which the Scribners make that two complete stories were found among

Mr. Henty's papers after his death. One of them deals with the recent march of the allies to Pekin, and the other with British campaigns in India and South Africa.

Mary Hallock Foote publishes so seldom now-a-days, and her books have so distinctive a flavor that the announcement of "A Touch of Sun and Other Stories" which is made in the fall list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will awaken pleasurable anticipations, the more so as it is said that the book will contain four western stories of the type which won for Mrs. Foote, then Mary Hallock, her first reputation.

Interest in Professor Alfred Russell Wallace's article on "Man's Place in the Universe" which *The Living Age* reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review* last April was so great that the issue of the magazine containing it was almost immediately exhausted. All who read this article will be glad to know that a volume by Professor Wallace on the same subject and bearing the same title is announced by McClure, Phillips & Co. for early publication.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have on their list for early publication "Romances of Colonial Days" by Geraldine Brooks, author of "Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days." The same house is adding to its sets of standard authors the novels, essays, dramas, etc. of Henry Fielding, and the novels of Tobias Smollett, each in twelve volumes edited by Gustavus Howard Maynadier and illustrated with photogravures.

The Life of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, is almost ready, in two volumes. While the book was in progress Mr. Meynell had unexpectedly placed at his disposal an in-

teresting and important collection of letters from Disraeli to a private friend, letters of which the existence was unknown to all but the recipient. The inclusion of these amplified the plan of the work, and while it delayed completion, will, it is expected, clarify many of the obscurities in Lord Beaconsfield's life.

Among the books which Mr. John Lane promises for October are "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle, uniform with the recently published "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle;" "Euphranor: a Dialogue of Youth," by Edward Fitzgerald; "Africa from South to North" by Major A. St. H. Gibbons: a new illustrated edition of Henry Harland's "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box;" "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall" by Robert Stephen Hawker: and "Where Love Is," a novel by William J. Locke.

The British Weekly states with authority that the writer of the "MS. in a Red Box" about whom there has been so much mystery, is the Rev. J. A. Hamilton, Congregational minister at Penzance. The discovery was made public by the author's friend, the Rev. W. Wood, of Newport, Fife, who at one time had the manuscript in his possession and knew that it had been afterward sent to some publisher. By an arrangement between Mr. Wood, and the manager of the publisher, the latter, Mr. John Lane, was kept in ignorance of the identity of the author until the book was published.

The fall announcements of A. S. Barnes & Co. include "Recollections, Personal and Literary" by Richard Henry Stoddard, with an introduction by Mr. Stedman; "The Boss and How he Came to Rule New York" a story of city politics by Alfred Henry Lewis;

"His Little World" a novel by Samuel Merwin; "Within the Pale" a study of the race-question in Russia by Michael Davitt; "Life in the Early Colonies" by George Cary Eggleston; "Cap'n Eri" a novel of Cape Cod by Joseph C. Lincoln; and "The Home Library" edited by Mrs. Sangster, and presenting books by Miss Jordan, Dean of Smith College, Mrs. Alden, president of the International Sunshine Society and others.

The English publishing season promises to be more than usually rich in biographical books. Canon Ainger's "Crabbe" will be out soon. Sir George Douglas is busy with his "Life of General Wauchope," which promises to be a book of permanent value. Mr. T. F. Henderson, Mr. Henley's colleague, is engaged on a short biography of Burns, and Mr. A. C. Benson is writing on Tennyson. Among other biographies announced are "Nero," by B. W. Henderson; "Galileo," by J. J. Fawle; "Canning," by W. A. Phillips; "Lord Chatham," by A. S. McDowell; "Novalis," by Una Birch; and "St. Francis of Assisi," by A. M. Stoddart.

The experiment made at Cambridge the past summer,—of which mention was made in this department several weeks ago—in affording opportunities particularly to women teachers for Biblical study during a portion of the Long Vacation is reported by The Atheneum to have been highly successful. Lecture-rooms, reading-rooms, and accommodation for about fifty students were provided in Newnham College, and a large number of residents in Cambridge and of visitors in lodgings, as well as in Girton College, attended the lectures. They generally empha-

sized the constructive side of recent Biblical investigation, and the help afforded to students in the conversation classes which accompanied each course of lectures, and in the direction given as to reading, was such as to stimulate inquiry and allay bewilderment in these troubled waters. The period of study lasted three weeks, and was so full of varied interest that all present seemed to feel great regret when it came to its close.

McClure, Phillips & Co. are fortunate in their list of fall fiction. Among the writers represented in it are A. Conan Doyle, with "The Adventures of Gerard" a series of stories of the adventures of a brigadier in Napoleon's army; Stanley J. Weyman with "The Long Night" a romance of Geneva in the early days of the 17th century; Henry Seton Merriman, with "Barlaach of the Guard" a thrilling story of the last days of the supremacy of the great Napoleon, which has attracted many readers during its serial publication; Henry Harland with "My Friend Prospero," a love story with its scene laid in the north of Italy, and Joseph Conrad, with "Falk," a book which contains two stories besides that which gives the volume its title. Mr. Conrad has not won recognition so rapidly as some contemporary fiction writers, but there are few among them whose reputation is more likely to last and to broaden. Novels and stories by George Ade, David Graham Phillips, R. E. Young, Mary Findlater, Gelett Burgess, Will Irwin, Roger Pocock, Henry C. Rowland, Lloyd Osbourne, Margaret Cameron, Norman Duncan, Bruno Lessing and Nina Rhoades are also on the list of McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE WAYFARER.

Unknown am I and homeless,
What of that?
Two friends I have and none to do me
ill,
All roads are home, each changing
scene a room,
Each broken hedge a sunlit window
sill.

Uncrowned am I, unhonored,
What of that?
Green garlands hang for crowns above
my way,
And children's love and passing smiles
are mine,
The homage of each windy wayside
day.

No bards have I or singers,
What of that?
The birds are mine and the old rest-
less sea,
The spreading downs, their urgent
viking song,
And all the deep woods' tender min-
strelsy.

No wealth have I or fortune,
What of that?
Unfashioned jewels glimmer on each
hedge,
And great waves roll and glitter, reach-
ing out
In endless pageant to the wide world's
edge.

No throne have I or palace,
What of that?
All dells are mine, all hidden dream-
ing glades,
Where streams slip by and murmur in
my ears,
And God sends peace down solemn
green arcades.

And death will come some day, and
What of that?
No strangers are we, quiet earth and I,
And there's no spot that cannot see
one star,
Or bear the great winds thronging
down the sky.

H. H. Bashford.

A VISION.

Grasp my hand!
Hold me fast!
For I stagger and reel
At the tumult and splendor of life
rushing past
In a whirlwind of fire, dust, vapor,
and thunder;
For above me and under,
Upon this side and that, all the sea and
the land,
All the skies, and the gods' starry
seats in the skies,
Spin and spin on the axle of time
like a wheel.
* * * * *
O my soul in what region un-
known,
Far removed beyond thought,
did I see
The vast shape of a Woman who sat
all alone
With the wheel at her knee!
And I saw that the wheel was rota-
tion of time,
And the wool of her spinning
Was life—but the fleece
Was a secret withdrawn beyond win-
ning.

William Canton.

HOPE.

No wintry silence—be it e'er so long—
But spring-time wakes it with the
birds' sweet song.
No day so drear but after frost and
snow,
E'en in far north, the sweetest roses
blow.
No night so long but daylight comes at
last,
And the pink dawn forgets the dark-
ness past.
No work so toilsome but the task be-
gun
On earth is finished with the Morning
Sun.
No way so rugged but the wanderer's
feet
Shall walk unwearied in the golden
street.
No parting ever but the God of Love
Shall join the parted—in the land
above.

J. S. Redmayne.
Chambers's Journal.